THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 55—No. 36. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, September 10, 1873. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square for first insertion and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Directory.

BEAVER.

P. H. AGNEW. J. M. BUCHANAN.
AGNEW & BUCHANAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.
oct9-1y Opposite the Argus office.

JAMES H. CUNNINGHAM,
Attorney at Law,
Third street Beaver, Pa.
y23-1[2d door below J. Moore's drug store.

JOSEPH LEDLIE,
Attorney at Law,
Office at his residence, South East side of public square aug6-1f

J. F. DUNLAP,
Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Beaver, Pa. All business promptly attended to. [mays'74,1y.

DR. THOS. DONEHOO, will practice his profession in Beaver and surrounding country. Office in the Border building, 3d street, Beaver, Pa apr22-1yr.

M. E J. LAWRENCE—Physician and Surgeons office, in room formerly occupied by U. S. Revenue Assessor, 3d Street, Beaver, Pa. apr16-1y

J. W. MILLER—Physician and Surgeon. Office that formerly occupied by Drs. McKinley & Lawrence—Residence, Dr. McNutt's house. 49-1y

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously executed at the Argus office.

O. A. SMALL—Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa., Office in the Court House. dec25-1f

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at Law. Office and residence on Third st., east of the Court House. Business promptly attended to. ap27-1y

J. H. McCREERY, Attorney at Law. Office on Third st., below the Court House. All business promptly attended to. jy31, '73tf

HENRY MEER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. [sep28-1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE. Hugo Andriessen & Druggist & Apothecary. Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. [sep28-1y

JOHN E. WILLIAMS, hair-cutter and shaver; work done in best style, wigs, switches and toppics made up to order. Terms moderate. Shop in the west end of the Union Hotel building, Beaver, Pa. aug30-73-1y

NEW BRIGHTON.

CHAS. COALE, Dealer in paints, oil, glass, nails, plate-glass, looking-glasses, frames, garden and flower-seeds and fancy fowls. Falls street, New Brighton. sep27-71-1y

WISENER & RINGHAM, Manufacturers of car riages, buggies, spring-wagons, buck-wagons and vehicles of every description, Bridge St. Both practical workmen. Successors to George Metz. mar9y

F. LANGNECKER, dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Repairing neatly executed, Broadway, near Falls-st. nov1'71-1y

J. W. NIPPERT, Baker & Confectioner; ice-cream, Oysters and Game in season. Balls, Pic-Nics, Weddings, &c., supplied. nov1

WM. WALLACE, Dealer in Italian & American Marble; Manufactures Monuments, Gravestones & slabs at reasonable prices. Railroad st., near new Depot, New Brighton. [sep27

BON TON RESTAURANT and EATING SALOON; meales at all hours; table supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Prices low. Wm. Buckland, cor. of Paul and Broadway. mr2'71-1y

S. & J. SNELLENBERG, Merchant Tailors,—Broadway, New Brighton. See adv [sep14;1y

H. NOSS, Photographer. Wilson's Block, Broadway. Best photographs from re-touched negatives. [sep7-4;1y

BEAVER FALLS.

WM. ROBERTSON, Dealer in the justly celebrated Domestic Sewing Machine. Ladies call and be convinced. Main st., B. Falls. (ap27

C. STEVENSON & WITTISH, Land Office, 198 Penn St., Pittsburgh, and Beaver Falls, Beaver Co., Pa. aug28-1y.

D. STEWART & SON, Dealers in Yankee Notions, &c., Main St., Beaver Falls. sep13;1y

BRIDGEWATER.

L. F. WEIMAN, Manufacture of Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater. (sep27;1y

J. BAILEY'S Shady-side Photograph Gallery, 2d floor, Dunlap's corner, opposite toll bridge, Bridgewater, Pa. apr26-1y

A. BREIM, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, Spectacles, &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. (feb15-71;1y

DANIEL MILLER, Fashionable Tailor. None but experienced workmen employed. Shop on Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa. feb6'71;1y

A. C. HURST, Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings, Bridge St., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14;1y

ROCHESTER.

J. J. POWER—Civil Engineer and Surveyor, Office near Depot, Rochester, Pa. 6-4-tf

CHAS. P. BROBECK, Druggist & Pharmacist, dealer in drugs, medicines, perfumeries, toilet articles, choice brands of tobacco, cigars, &c. Opposite the depot, Rochester, Pa. aug6-73-1y

W. W. JOHNSON—Dealer in Wall Paper of all kinds; Oil-Cloth, Window Blinds; Combs, Satchels; Baskets; Toys, Carts; Wagons; Chairs and Toys of every description. Near Depot. nov20-1y.

THOS. KENNEDY & CO. (successors to Wm. Boehling,) Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. In the Diamond, Rochester. sep4,1y

WHITE SMITH & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery. Madison st., near Diamond, Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

HENRY LAPP, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds. Brighton st., above the Factory. See adv't. (sep14;1y

SAMUEL C. HANNEN, Druggist. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Water st., Rochester. (sep14;1y

SPEYERER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Grain, Notions, Iron & Nails. Cor. Water & James sts.

MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c., and Lumber Lath &c. Rochester. (sep21;1y

SCOTT, BOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Lukins & Co., Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Rochester. sep20,1y

SEEFLER & CLARK, proprietors of Johnston House. Good accommodations and good stabling. Near R. R. Depot. oct19;1y

ALLEGHENY CITY.

DR. J. S. WINANS, Electrical Physician; Chronic diseases made a specialty. Office, 137 Washington avenue, Allegheny City, Pa. [sep14;1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN THORNLEY, Manufacturer of the Great Republic Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Portable extension top and centre. Fallston, Pa.

N. D. CONE, M. D., Late of Darlington, having removed to New-Brighton, offers his professional services, in all its branches, to the people of this and surrounding country. Office corner of Butler and Broadway. sep13;1y

LEWIS McMULLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
54 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Opposite Cathedral.)
Examination of Titles, Collection of Claims and other Legal Business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. 4-23-6m

W. W. BARKER,
(Successor to Barker & Haseltine.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
CHROMO LITHOGRAPHS,
Engravings Lithographs, Plain and Colored, Photos, Rose Patterns, Mouldings and Picture Frames of all kinds, 87 Fifth Avenue, 13 doors from Smithfield St.,] Pittsburgh, Pa. [mar8'72;1y

Homes Still Larger
FOR THE MILLION!
Large opportunities are now offered for securing homes in a *mild, healthy,* and *congenial* climate at one-third of their value five years hence. The NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY has for sale real estate of every description, located in the Middle and Southern States: *improved farms* and *fruit farms; rice, sugar* and *cotton plantations; timber* and *mineral lands; city, village,* and *rural residence,* and *business stands; mills* and *mill sites, factories,* &c.

Write for *Land Register* containing description, location, price and terms of properties we have for sale. Address—B. W. CLARKE & CO.
The National Real Estate Agency,
No. 1 and 479 Penna Avenue, Washington, D. C.
nov7-3m

New Upholstering House.
PHEOPHILUS ROLLER,
OHIO STREET, ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.,
Begs to notify the trade and public generally that he has opened the above business with a fine stock of Parlor Furniture as his specialty. His Reversible Spring Mattress is manufactured and for sale by him. Send for Price List.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE
SITUATED 1-2 MILE BELOW BEAVER.
Having a delightful view of the Ohio river and surrounding country; 1 mile from R. R. Station; house brick, two stories high, 4 rooms, attic, cellar, porch, etc.; all finished; wash-house, smoke-house, well of water at the kitchen door; barn and stable with cellar. Nice paling fence in front of property; all well painted; good orchard in bearing condition, grapes, plumbs, cherries, gooseberries, and all kinds of small fruit. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to the owner J. M. GRAHAM. mar5-tf

Agents Wanted.
Wanted immediately, four active, energetic men as Agents for the "NEW" WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE *in this county.* Such men can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a *Bond,* need not apply. We will pay *guaranteed salaries, or liberal commissions, to proper men.* Only such men who *desire* to enter the business need apply. W. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [mar6;1y

AVOID QUACKS AND IMPOSTORS.
No Charge for Advice and Consultation.
Dr. B. Dyott, Graduate of *Jefferson Medical College,* Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexual or Urinary Organs, (which he has made a special study) either in male or female, no matter of how long standing or of how long standing. A practice of 30 years enables him to treat disease with success. Cures guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Those at a distance can forward letters describing symptoms and enclosing stamp to prepay postage.
Send for the *Guide to Health,* Price 10 cents.
J. B DYOTT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, [feb5-1y] 104 Duane St., New York.

Professional Cards.

GILBERT L. EBERHART.
Attorney at Law,
Will give prompt attention to collections, procuring Bounties and pensions, buying and selling real estate, etc.
Office on Broadway, opposite R. E. & H. Hoopes' Banking House, New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa. sep 4tf

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.
CAMERON & MARKS.
Attorneys at Law
And Real Estate Agents,
Rochester, Pa.,
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. dec11;1y

T. J. CHANDLER,
Dentist, still continues to perform all operations in the dental profession at his office, Beaver station, Rochester. All who favor him with a call may expect to have their work done in the best possible manner and the most reason able terms.
The books of the late firm of T. J. CHANDLER & SON are in his hands, where all who have accounts will please call immediately and settle the same. may1'73;1y.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and all other filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb21;1y

Manufacturers.

FALLSTON
Foundry & Repair Shop.
Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

COOKING - STOVES
—and after having thoroughly tested these Improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS,
The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES:
Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove
Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,
LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,
BEST BAKER,
MOST DURABLE
ALTOGETHER
THE BEST STOVE IN USE.
In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,
which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons
Who have purchased and used the
GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,
Most of whose names have been published in the Argus, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.
JOHN THORNILEY.
apr20:tf.

JOHN P. DEAN
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
81 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Shovels, Spades, Scythes, Snathes, Hoes, Forks and Rakes, together with a large and varied stock of Hardware and Cutlery, suitable for the trade, at greatly reduced rates. jy2-1y

Demmler Brothers,
No. 126 Smithfield street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
MANUFACTURERS OF
TIN, COPPER,
AND
SHEET IRON WARE.
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Clothes Wringers, Cutlery, Britannia and Block Tin Ware, Enameled Hollow Ware, Refrigerators, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Bird Cages, Gas Stoves,
And House Furnishing Goods Generally;
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PROPRIETORS OF THE
Patent Adjustable Stove Shelves,
The most useful Invention of the Age!
Sole Agents for Spear's World-Renowned and Unrivaled
Anthracite Coal Heating Stoves.
Sole Agents for the
Tom Thumb Carbon Oil Cooking Stove!
This little Stove is the Wonder of the Day, and the only article of the kind that will give you entire satisfaction.

GROCERS' GOODS A SPECIALTY.
aug27-4w

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH
PATRONIZE
CAPERTONS' DINING ROOMS.
Tables furnished with the best the market affords.
First Class Table, Rates Reasonable.
SINGLE MEALS 50 CENTS.
Meals from 6½ A. M. until 12 o'clock at night.
Remember the Place, No. 60 Market Street.
Cut this out and bring it with you. aug27-4w

H. NOSS,
PHOTOGRAPHER
nov6tf

Insurance.

ALPS INSURANCE COMPANY
OF ERIE, PA.

Cash Capital	$250,000 00
Asssets, Oct. 9 '71,	311,948 29
Liabilities, - - -	5,200 00

O. NOBLE, President; J. P. VINCENT, Vice Pt.
H. W. Woops, Treasurer.
Thos. F. Goodrich, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. O Noble,	Erie,	Hon. Geo. B. Delameter,	Meadville, Pa.
J W Hammond,	do		
Hon Selden Marvin,	do	Hon J P Vincent,	Erie
Hiram Daggett,	do	Henry Rawle	do
Charles H Reed,	do	G T Churchill	do
H S Southard,	do	Capt J S Richards	do
W B Sterritt,	do	Richard O'Brian,	do
H W Noble,	do	F H Gibbs,	do
J Englehart,	do	John B Cochran,	do
J L Neil,	do	M Hartleib,	do
W H Abbott, Titusville.		Capt D P Dobbins,	do
		Jno Fertig, Titusville,	do

Policies issued at fair rates and liberal terms. Insures against damage by Lightning as well as Fire. CHAS. B. HURST, Ag't.
Rochester, Pa., Dec. 20, 1871; 1y

O. L. EBERHART.....W. L. BEDISON.

A Word With You!
If you want to buy property,
If you want to sell property,
If you want your house insured,
If you want your goods insured,
If you want your life insured,
If you want to insure against accident,
If you want to lease your house,
If you want to hire a house,
If you want to buy a farm,
If you want to sell a farm,
If you want any legal writing done,
Do not fail to call at the office of
Eberhart & Bedison,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS
AND
Real Estate Brokers,
No. 223 Broadway, New-Brighton,
aug3-1[Beaver county, Penn.

ROCHESTER
Fire Insurance Company.
INCORPORATED by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February, 1872. Office one door east of Rochester Savings Bank, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.
People of Beaver county can now have their property insured against loss or damage by fire, at fair rates, in a safe and

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY,

thereby avoiding the expense, trouble and delay incident to the adjustment of losses by companies located at a distance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

M. S. Quay,	George C. Speyerer,
Samuel B. Wilson,	Lewis Schneider,
William Kennedy,	John Grebing,
J. Wack,	J. M. Sroder,
M. Camp, Jr.,	C. B. Hurst,
David Lowry	Henry Goehring.

OFFICERS:
GEO. C. SPEYERER, Pres't.
M. S. QUAY, *V. Pres't.*
H. J. SPEYERER, *Treas.*
JOHN GRÆBING, JR., *Sec'y.*

Chas. B. Hurst's
INSURANCE
AND
General Agency Office,
NEAR THE DEPOT
ROCHESTER, PENNA.
Notary Public and Conveyancer;
FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENT INSURANCE. "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "Adams" and "Union" Express Agency.
All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgements taken, &c., &c. Goods and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany. [jy17-1y

ÆTNA FIRE INS. CO.,
Of Hartford, Conn.,
Cash assetts.....$6,000,000
"By their fruits ye know them."
Losses paid to Jan. 1, 1873....$39,000,000
One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

NIAGARA Insurance Co.,
Of New York.
Cash assetts.....$1,500,000

Real Insurance Company,
Of Liverpool, England.
Cash Assetts (Gold).....$11,000,000

Lycoming Fire Ins. Co.,
Of Muncy, Pa,
Assetts $6,000,000
Chicago losses all paid, $448,997.00, organized in 1840—33 years in successful operation

Rochester Fire Ins. Co.,
Of Rochester, Pa.
GEO. C. SPEYERER, *President.*
M. S. QUAY, *Vice-President.*
JNO. GRÆBING, JR., *Secretary.*
H. J. SPEYERER, *Treasurer.*
If you want home insurance, procure a Policy in the Rochester Company at this Agency.

ALPS INSURANCE CO.,
Of Erie, Penna.
Cash capital,.....$250,000

HOME LIFE INS. CO,
Of New York
Cash assets,.....$3,500,000

Travelers' Life & Accident Insurance Co.,
Of Hartford, Conn.
Cash assetts over.....$2,259,945.

Representing the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly $31,000,000, I am enabled to take insurance to any amount desired. Applications promptly attended to, and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. *Loses liberally adjusted and promptly aid.* INSURE TO-DAY! By one day's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and life uncertain: therefore, *insure to-day! "One to-day, is worth two to-morrows."*—Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be amongst the best and wealthiest in the world.—"As ye sow that shall you reap."
Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.
Mr. STEPHEN A. CRAIG is duly authorized to take applications for Insurance and receive the premium for the same in Freedom and adjoining townships.
CHAS. B. HURST,
Near Depot, Rochester, Pa. [jel4;1y

Brighton Paper Mills,
BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.
PRINTING,
MANILLA,
ROOFING, BAILING,
Hardware, Glass, Straw.
RAG AND CARPET
PAPERS,
MANUFACTURED
And Sold At
Wholesale & Retail by
Frazier, Metzger & Co.,
82 Third Avenue,
PITTSBURGH
Rags taken in exchange. [se p19;'69

Railroads.

RAILROADS.—PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.—Condensed Time Table from June 29, 1873.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2, Fst Ex	No. 8, Mail.	No. 4, Pass'r	No. 6, Ex.
Pittsburgh	1.45A.M.	6.00A.M.	10.30A.M.	3.30P.M.
Rochester	3.30	7.38	12.20P.M.	5.15
Alliance	4.15	8.04	1.00	5.55
Orrville	5.37	9.22	2.20	7.15
Mansfield	6.55	10.38	3.40	8.35
Crestline { A	7.30	11.15	4.20	9.15
Crestline { D	7.40	11.55A.M.	4.30	9.25
Forest	8.00	12.15P.M.	4.55	9.45
Lima	9.05	1.20	6.00	10.50
Fort Wayne	10.30	2.45	7.30	12.15A.M.
Plymouth	1.45A.M.	5.55P.M.	10.30P.M.	3.30
Chicago	4.00	8.30	1.00A.M.	6.00

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 1, Ft Ex	No. 5, Fst Ex.	No. 3, Pass'r	No. 7, Mail.
Chicago	9.20A.M.	6.00A.M.	10.30P.M.	11.45A.M.
Plymouth	11.05	7.30P.M.	12.05A.M.	1.15P.M.
Fort Wayne	1.40P.M.	10.00	2.45	3.45
Lima	3.00	11.20	4.05	5.05
Forest	4.05	12.30A.M.	5.15	6.20
Crestline { A	4.25	12.50	5.35	6.40
Crestline { D	4.30A.M.	1.00	5.40	6.45P.M.
Mansfield	5.00	1.30	6.10	7.15
Orrville	6.10P.M.	2.20	7.20	8.15
Alliance	7.25	3.35	8.35	9.30
Rochester	8.00	4.00	9.05	10.00P.M.
Pittsburgh	9.40	5.30	10.40	11.40

No. 1 daily except Monday; Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 2 & 6, daily.
F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.
On and after June 29, 1873, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	6.30A.M.	2.35P.M.	6.25P.M.
Hudson	9.11	5.02	9.53
Ravenna	10.13	6.03	10.55
Alliance	11.05	6.43	11.40
Ravenna	11.57	7.41	
Wellsville	1.10P.M.	9.00	
Pittsburgh	3.40	10.30	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	6.30A.M.	3.15P.M.	
Wellsville	8.40	5.10	
Bayard	10.23	6.50	
Alliance	11.00	7.25	7.25A.M.
Ravenna	12.03P.M.	8.25	8.25
Hudson	1.41	9.23	9.05
Cleveland	4.55	12.30	12.05

Leaves. Arrives.
Bayard 12:00 & 6:50 p. m. N. Philad. 2:50 & 8:30 p. m.
N. Phila. 6:40a.m. & 1p.m. Bayard 8:05 a.m. & 3:50 p.m.

RIVER DIVISION.
GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	ACCOM	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Bellair	8.45A.M.	10.50A.M.	5.40P.M.	
Cambridge	5.55	1.10P.M.	8.50	
Steubenville	6.57	1.20P.M.	6.50	
Wellsville	9.00	3.05	7.33	
Rochester	9.30	3.35	8.25	
Pittsburgh	11.40	5.40	10.30	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	6.30A.M.	1.15P.M.	4.30P.M.	
Rochester	7.40	2.30	6.05	
Wellsville	9.40	3.10	7.15	
Steubenville	11.50	5.20	9.30	
Bridgeport	11.00	5.35	9.45	
Bellair	12.10	6.40	11.00	

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Banks and Bankers.

BEAVER DEPOSIT BANK
Of BEAVER, PA.
EBEN ALLISON.....Cashier.
COLLECTIONS
PROMPTLY MADE AND REMITTED.
Correspondence and Accounts Solicited
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
EXCHANGE, SECURITIES, &c., &c.
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Office Hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
J. P. BRADY, E. B. McCREERY,
J. B. ANGELL, Pres't. Cash'r.

Beaver Savings Bank
OF
THOS. McCREERY & CO.,
BEAVER, PA.
DEALERS IN
EXCHANGE, COIN, COUPONS,
And Bankable Paper. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Special attention to Collections and Remittances. Interest on time Deposits. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. [jy17-1y

Rochester Savings Bank.
GEO. C. SPEYERER,.....W. J. SPEYERER,
JOHN GRÆBING,.....L. H. OATMAN,
LOUIS SCHNEIDER,.....H. J. SPEYERER, *Cashier.*
SPEYERER & CO.,
Dealers in exchange, Coin, Government Securities, make collections on all accessible points in the United States and Canada, receive money on deposit subject to check and receive time deposits of one dollar and upward, and allow interest at 6 per cent.
By-laws and Rules furnished free by applying at the bank.
Bank open daily from 7 a. m., till 4 p. m. and on Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 o'clock.
REFER, BY PERMISSION, TO

L. H. Oatman & Co,	Hon J. S. Ruan,
Algeo, Scott & Co	Orr & Cooper,
S. J. Cross & Co,	Wm Kennedy,
Snieder & Wacks,	John Sharp,
B. S. Ranger,	R. H. Edgar,
W. C. Hurst,	Tradesman's National
S. B. Wilson,	Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa.

jan15 tf

Clothing.

LOOK HERE.
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.
GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Clothing made to order [illegible] notice. Thankful to the public I hope by close attention to business and [illegible] continuance of the same.
DAN. [illegible]ER,
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER, PA.
mar 24:tf

CLOTHING STORE.
NEW GOODS!
WINTER STOCK.
The undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he has just received and opened
A New Stock of Goods,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FOR
Fall and Winter Wear.
He keeps the best of workmen in his employ, and feels confident of his ability to cut and make up garments both
FASHIONABLE & DURABLE.
and in such a manner as will please his customers.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Call and see us before leaving your Orders Elsewhere
WILLIAM REICH, Jr.
may4;70;1y Bridgewater, Pa

FRANK M'CARTY,
Manufacturer of the Celebrated
STEAM REFINED ENGINE CARBON,
SPINDLE, CYLINDER, PAINT,
SIGNAL OILS.
Prepared under a new Process, without the use of Chemicals.
POINT OIL WORKS,
SMITH'S FERRY,
BEAVER COUNTY, PA.
2373.

TALES, MISCELLANY.

THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

He was a young man, with a reasonably good natured and pleasing countenance. A genuine American of the city-bred sort; bright, active and very much in love with her.

She pretty and sensible, though trifling and gossipy on the surface, loved him after a certain shy, unspoken fashion.

Both knew it, and had not exchanged a word, hardly a look expressive thereof.

Like children, one was afraid, and the other dare not.

It has been fortunately by a certain orator, that "happiness is like a cedar." Love is much of a feather. It sits in the tree-tops, sings its song, and all the birds of the forest are more or less pleased. But anon it flies to the ground and feeds itself upon commonplace things. The poet never speaks of the pet love eats—really eats like every other creature. Poetry is the dinner, and it is a good deal of it.

Well, one sunny day, our young man, after much doubt and fear, and ashamed of it, resolved to find out if his love might have one thing to eat. He told himself that he might be shy bird to live with, but the offer of a good dinner.

Instead of being ashamed, he should have been proud. He was ashamed, and on that fact hangs the curious part of this little love tale. She, too, had some prudish wisdom, though she hid it from him. The idea of love before dinner on dimes! Yes, it was it, and it was not nice to think of it. Therefore she did not.

The English of all this is that he was at work in a store trying to win enough money to enable him to marry her. Very proper in him, to be sure. Virtue is always rewarded, and his employers had given hints that if he was good he should be "taken in."

With her hoped-for love in view, he grew hard to be very, very good. But the firm suddenly suspended, failed and utterly stopped, and the poor boy was penniless.

"Virtue never rewarded," he said to himself, in disappointment. Virtue is its own reward, only it is hard to see it without a cent in the world." The store and hope were locked up the same day, and he went to his lodgings almost broken-hearted. How or where he was to win a living was a problem. He sat down in his forlorn little room, to consider the matter. Very little thought could he give to it. A greater question appeared and drove it away. A darker shadow extinguished the gloomy prospect, and it was very dark indeed. A poet would have said that even the stars were blotted from his darkened sky. It was worse than that, for the gas was shut off.

She. She is a very tenacious subject sometimes. He knew it now, and was sorrowful. The history of their love was not remarkable, but its aspect under the present circumstances was peculiar. They had met at some party, been introduced, spoke, danced, and he had called, on the invitation. He called twice, three times—many times. They walked, rode, the cats, then the cattle fair came around, and read the same books, enjoyed the same flavor of Jessop's candy, and been out to walk together in the moonlight with their rubbers on. Her father and mother approved, and everything went on as smoothly and sweetly as Stewart's syrup.

His prospects were good, and she was of a suitable age to know her own mind. It was commonly reported that they were engaged. It is never safe to believe reports. They were not engaged, though they both adored the same things. However, if they were not engaged, there was every prospect that they would be, if nothing happened. Why not? He was to be a partner soon, and could support her properly. Something did happen. The firm wound up, as we have seen.

Under these unhappy circumstances, what ought he to do? He could not even think. He was absolutely without means of support, and the engagement should be broken off. Engagement! They were not engaged. Yes, they were. Had she not accepted flowers from him; had she not gone to the Sunday school concert with him: had they not "sat up" ever so late after everybody had gone to bed, at least a dozen times? Had not her mother invited him to tea, and had not her father taken off his hat to him in the street? He was the recognized suitor for the daughter's hand, and something ought to be done about it.

Under his present circumstances, he ought not to be engaged to her—he was not: and yet it was a delicate question. To solve it was a sad trial to him. He slept upon it, and awoke the next day to find that the trial had made a man of him. Trials always burn away the cheap surface, and bring out the gold within.

He had not told his love. They were not engaged. Still, he had shown her great attentions, and his advances had been received cordially. Under his present circumstances, chivalry and honor forbade further advance. He must cease to visit her. He must leave her free—open to more advantageous offers. He must leave her forever and forget her.

No; he could not do that. He could go out west and begin life anew; but forget her. Forget her! No! He could not—could not. And here he made a discovery. He loved her. With all her apparent shallowness she was a splendid girl at heart, and he loved her, and must leave her. And how could he explain or tell her how it was with him?

How could he ask her to wait—wait for him—perhaps for years. Wait while he searched for a clerkship, that, when obtained would not support them both. Her father was a man of business, and possessed of some wealth. What would he say to such folly.

Surprised at the sudden strength of character his trouble had developed, he took a manly stand and resolved he would call on her, bid her farewell, and leave her with his love unsaid. He would suffer alone. Perhaps time could cure the smart. People said it would, though he did not believe it then. Come what might, he would stand no longer in a false position. He would see her at once.

Not without a furtive tear or two, he arrayed himself in his best and went out in search of breakfast. How ill seeming his present wardrobe and his poverty. He must leave his costly lodging place at once. He would begin to economize immediately by buying a cheap breakfast at some restaurant. It was a sad meal; the wretched food and dismal saloon wearied him, and somehow the bread was salt. He crept into a dark corner and rumpled his damp napkin in a vain effort to be cheerful. Then he went out at the strange hour of ten in the morning to find her home. The streets were full of people hurrying on and on to their business or pleasure. For him there was neither. He had never been in the streets at that hour, and they seemed strange and foreign. Her home was quite at the other side of the city, at the far end of the horse railroad. How many times he had gone that way. He must walk now. The cars passed empty in endless procession, in a way he had not noticed before. He would not hurry, for it was such an unreasonable hour to call.

He paused to look in a print store. There was a picture hanging there representing a family gathered in homely comfort round a simple meal in some Scottish hut. Semi-poverty in every line of the engraving; but there was also love and peace, children and happiness. He gazed long and earnestly at it. Love and want. Somehow they were not friendly except in pictures. The picture was a lie, and yet it was true. Love is greater than poverty. A policeman said, "Move on, move," and, hustled by the crowd, he was compelled to return to his present sorrow.

With a heavy heart he took up his cross and his way at the same time. He would be a man at any rate, and see it through, whatever happened. Refusing to look to the right or left, he went steadily on, and presently, with a beating heart and nervous fingers, rang her father's bell.

She herself opened the door to him. Smiling, clad in simple morning suit, and, as if to add to his sorrow, full of winsome merriment and gayety. She asked him into the parlor, that she was just then flirting a feather duster through, and they both sat down in the flecks of sunshine and shadow behind the group of window plants.

After some commonplaces, she said:

"See! The slip of geranium I cut from the boquet you gave me. It has rooted already. I'm glad. It will make a nice plant—a remembrance of the flowers."

He smiled faintly, and pretended to be interested. Somehow his thoughts would wander to something else. For a moment he was silent, and she said that he was not very amusing, and that she would return to her dusting.

But he had a story to tell her.

A story! Now that was worth while. She sat down in a low chair before him, arranged her drapery as prettily as possible, and said:

"Begin, please, I'll be good."

He had a brilliant idea. He would tell his whole story objectively, and see what she said to it. He would sketch his own case, and while pretending to amuse her, draw from her manner and answers some hint of what he had best do. If she took it as mere fiction, no harm would come of it, and he could depart with a clear conscience. What if she took it as truth? What if she saw through the pretense? That was not very likely, and—yet—if she—

She was impatient.

"The story, please—if you have not fallen asleep. Poor boy! He has to work so hard!"

He began.

"Once upon a time there was a young man——"

"How interesting!"

"I say there was a young man, and he fell very much in love with a young la—girl——"

"Girl is better."

"Please don't."

"Pardon me. Goon."

With an effort he resumed, while his eyes began to grow very bright. She noticed it in silence.

"The young man——" [illegible] he could not tell whether she returned his love or no. He had not made—how shall I express it? There had been no over act.

"Had not proposed—you mean."

"Yes, and for a most excellent reason. His business prospects did not warrant it. Though everything was smiling and cheerful, still he thought it best to wait till certain events of a financial nature took place."

"Couldn't support her? Very proper in him to wait."

He winced under this, and with an effort continued the story.

"He expected a promotion, and hoped that when it came it should be in a position to marry."

"How very nice!" And she smiled in a peculiar way that puzzled him.

With some hes

The Beaver Argus.

J. WEYAND, ... EDITOR.

Beaver, Pa., Sept. 10, 1873.

AN arrangement has been perfected, by persons competent to make it, to consolidate the ARGUS and the *Radical*. After this week, therefore, neither of the papers named will be published separately. The consolidated paper will be called "*The Beaver Argus and Radical*," and the business will be conducted in the name of the "Beaver Printing Company." The new paper will be published in Col. Quay's building, and for the time being, will take the form of the present *Radical*. If it is thought best when the advertisements now running in both papers are somewhat "weeded out," to change to the present ARGUS form, the change will be made. All contracts, whether for subscription or advertising, made previously by either the ARGUS or the *Radical*, will be filled by the Beaver Printing Company; and persons who have heretofore been taking both papers, will in the future, be furnished with but one copy, and credit given them on the new books equal to the amount paid by them in advance on both of the old papers. For the present the Hon. J. S. Rutan will have charge of the political department of the new paper, and J. Weyand will be its business manager.

PERSONALLY, we are not alarmed in the least, but Treasurer Spinner warns the public that there is a counterfeit five hundred dollar legal tender note afloat which almost defies detection by any one. It is reported too that Mr. Spinner says that the whole issue—thirty-five millions will have to be called in—in order to checkmate the counterfeiters and make their imitation worthless.

HON. J. DE PUY DAVIS, has for three years past represented Berks county in the Senate of this State. He was also one of the commissioners to the Vienna Exposition. He has been a candidate before his party this summer for a renomination to the Senate, but last week finding the tide strongly against him, he withdrew and Daniel Ermentrout was unanimously nominated in Davis' stead. Mr. Davis blames Hon. Hiester Clymer for "setting things up" against him, and in his letter of withdrawal hits that distinguished politician a vigorous slap in the face, and tells him that he has been interfering in matters which did not concern him. The Democracy seem to be in earnest in "weeding out" their thrifty members in this State at least.

A SERIOUS defalcation is reported from Springfield, Illinois. Colonel John T. Harper, United States Collector of Internal Revenue for that district, has been discovered to be a defaulter to the Government in a sum variously estimated at from $50,000 to $300,000. It appears that Harper wrote out his resignation last Friday, and left it with his chief clerk, to be forwarded to the authorities at Washington, and then left for parts unknown. He is said to have lost heavily in grain and real estate speculations in Chicago. Defalcations on the part of public officers are growing more common every day, and we very much fear that an honest official will soon be the exception and not the rule, in this country of ours.

THE eastern papers praise the action of the Democracy of this State in so unequivocally condemning the salary grab.

The *Tribune* noting the rebuke to Congressman Speer well says:

"This is the only thing in the history of this business in connection with political Conventions that looks at all like business. For the most part Conventions have resolved in a very loose general way that the Salary Grab was dishonest and dishonorable, and that its supporters were unworthy of public confidence; but no Convention before this one at Wilkesbarre has fairly confronted it with the necessity of rebuking a prominent and trusted official staring it in the face and taken hold of it in good honest earnest. The Pennsylvania Democracy, whatever else they have done, have in this matter acted courageously and honorably, and set a good example for their party in other States. It is cheap and easy to pass resolutions. These people have done more than that. They have had a row about it, and taken one of their own representatives by the ear and led him out. To all other conventions and parties it may be said, 'Go and do likewise.'"

DR. BELL, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has had much experience in the treatment of cholera, reiterates a statement made by him not long since, that cholera poison produced at the surface of the ground does not rise to the third or second story of a good house. He says emphatically that "sleepers who do all their sleeping after sunset in the second stories of good houses or in the third stories are perfectly exempt from cholera, although every lodger in the lower story may die with the disease. To this I do not know a single exception in this city during the past forty years, and in that time there has been exhibited here every phase of the disease that has ever been seen in any temperate climate. I have not attempted to devise sanitary regulations for Scotland; Glasgow and Edinburg have hygienists of their own, who, years ago, pointed out the horrible, filthy, undrained condition of the upper flats in those cities. We have nothing like them here in the West. But these are not exceptions to the law that I have announced. It is these upper flats that are exceptional; their revelations are proofs of the integrity of the law. A sleeper at night, in the lower story of a house, no matter how clean, dry and salubrious the house and ground may be, is not perfectly exempt from cholera, because the night wind may bring, from a contiguous spot, the malarial poison; but a sleeper who confines his night sleeping to the third story of a perfectly clean and dry house is entirely exempt from any possibility of cholera or any kindred disease. To this there has never been a single exception in this city, nor in any other place of which I have ever heard."

This very novel proposition of Dr. Bell's ought to excite an interesting discussion amongst physicians. What do the members of the medical profession hereabouts have to say on this subject?

IN 1857, after Congressmen had raised their pay to $3,000 a year, Ben. Butler made a speech in Lawrence, Mass., in which he condemned, in no measured terms, that increase. Ben. was not in Congress then.

THE New York *Sun* seems to think that Senator Carpenter will not be much damaged, even if the allegations against him are true, and suggests that his offence is not one which is popularly condemned. The *Sun* is more than half right. The people generally are not inclined, "these latter days," to look with harshness upon the prominent man who imbibes freely, and has plenty of female "friends." In fact they rather admire the "statesman" who has an intrigue or two on hand all the time.

AMES and Alcorn, the two United States Senators from Mississippi are both Republicans, and at the present time are rival candidates for the Governorship of their State. Ames will get the great bulk of the colored vote, while his opponent expects to receive nearly all of the white vote of the State. The contest between these men is bitter, and their respective friends have little or no love for each other. The result will be close with the chances in favor of Ames, who it will be remembered is General Butler's son-in-law.

THE country is electrified by the assertion, that ex-guerilla Mosby does not intend to take any part in the political campaign in Virginia, as the nominations on either side do not suit him. No doubt both parties were paralyzed with an agony of doubt until the fastidious cut-throat had declared his intentions. And while each side mourns with a grief that is inexpressible at the stony-heartedness of the midnight marauder who will not decide the fate of the campaign at once by taking sides, the thought must be "a silver lining to the cloud" of Radical and Conservative, that they will be permitted to fight it out in their own way without the tremendous weight of his support to contend against in the ranks of the opposite party.

THE latest news from Massachusetts is that Butler will be beaten today for the Gubernatorial nomination in that State. The Springfield *Republican*, good authority by the way, claimed on last Saturday to have returns from 742 delegates, nearly three-fourths of the whole number to the Worcester Convention, divided as follows: Washburn, 394; Butler, 319; doubtful and contested, 29. There are 359 delegates yet to be elected, of whom 45 come from four western counties, 54 from Worcester county, and 258 from the eastern part of the State, 62 each from Essex and Middlesex counties, the former of which is one of Butler's strongholds. Of 101 delegates to come from the western part of the State the *Republican* estimates that Washburn will have nearly three-fourths, and of the remaining 258 about 125. As Washburn has now a clear majority of 46, giving Butler every doubtful vote, the *Republican* considers him sure of 100 majority in the Convention, but it is quite likely to be 150, and may rise to 200. This is good news, and if it only proves to hold fast, Massachusetts will have avoided the disgrace which Butler's nomination would have been sure to have brought upon her.

SAYS the *Tribune*: When we come to consider the amounts paid to the different members of the royal family of England as annuities out of the Consolidated Fund, we begin to see what an expensive luxury regality is. Her Majesty heads the list. She receives £385,000 a year, which is a little over £1,000 per diem, or about $5,000. Even the Duchess of Teck has £5,000 a year, or £13 and a little over a day, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz £3,000 a year, or £8. 4s. 5d. a day. The Prince of Wales has £40,000 per annum, or £109 a day. The whole amount paid to all these pensioners out of the Fund is £17,566,666 13s. 4d. Add to this that the Queen also gets £2,000 a year from the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Prince of Wales £60,000 from the Duchy of Cornwall. But the English people have one comfort which seems to be denied to us Republicans when we are swindled by our magnates. It is not their own fault; they cannot help themselves, as we could if we stopped giving up to party what is due to our own pockets. Moreover, we have never heard of the Queen or any of her children clamoring for Back Pay. That's where they have us again.

AN extraordinary will case is now attracting attention in Michigan. For twenty-five or thirty years everybody about Troy, N. Y., had supposed Abraham Schryver dead. When his wife's father died he settled up the estates and decamped with the proceeds, amounting to nearly a million dollars, leaving his wife to provide as best she could for four children and a young babe. For months she suffered agonies of suspense and grief on account of the mysterious disappearance. Then came the news that he was in Canada, and later still the deserted wife received a newspaper from Canada containing an obituary of "the late Abraham Schryver," and thenceforward she and her children gave him up as dead. She struggled on and brought them up well, and now when she is old and her middle-aged children are married and settled about her, the story of his wanderings is revealed to them in a most startling and dramatic manner. Schryver appears to have settled in Port Huron, Mich. He was recently on his death bed, and his housekeeper allowed on one to watch over him in his dying moments but herself. He died, and his will, made at midnight and witnessed by hotel servants, left the bulk of his large property to his supposed wife (the housekeeper. Only $500 was bequeathed to a daughter whom he had adopted, and dissatisfied with this will, and knowing that the testator had not been exactly in his right mind, she wrote to Troy for some information about Abraham Schryver and his relations. The Schryver children investigated the affair, and will contest the will on the ground that the instrument is a forgery, as shown by mistakes he could not have fallen into concerning his own family

HERE AND THERE.

—Jacob Willis, of Fond du Lac, led his son to believe that he had buried $20,000 in gold, and the son gave him the best kind of treatment for fourteen years. The old man died the other day, and on his death-bed he broke the news that he hadn't a cent. His son would just like to see himself taking care of another old man.

—A correspondent recently asked Henry Ward Beecher if he approved of wives spending their time at watering-places and leaving their husbands to the mercy of servant girls, and received this characteristic reply: "No woman who values her domestic happiness as she should will leave her husband thus unprotected."

—While Mr. Lirkle, of Roanoke, Va., was crossing the Roanoke river, a few days ago, with Miss Lizzie Terrill mounted behind him upon the same horse, the girl became frightened and pulled at the reins, causing the horse to rear and throw them both into the river. The river was high and swift and both were swept down stream clinging to each other, over rocks and rapids, until Mr. Chas. Snyder plunged in after them on horseback, and succeeded in rescuing them.

—A respectably dressed girl of decent appearance visited Johnstown on Wednesday, and, stopping at a hotel, stated she was from Pittsburgh; that a young man living there, to whom she had become devotedly attached, engaged himself to marry her; that she gave him $150 to purchase tickets to California, and he started out to get them but never returned. She got dinner at the hotel, and went out in the afternoon to walk, but did not return. And now the hotel keeper says he can afford to lose the dinner if the damsel can so cheerfully bear her loss of $150.

—Rev. Mr. Hagerman is the pastor of a Congregational church in Paterson, N. J., against whom some remarkable charges have been preferred. At a prayer meeting on Wednesday night he spoke of them. One was that he played base ball. He pleaded guilty. He was not aware that it was wrong for a clergyman to do so. Another charge that he had sent to a store on Sunday for cigars he denied. He sent to his boarding house. This he believed he had as much right to do as to send for a piece of pie. Another charge was that he ran in debt. He said his debts were trifling and he had a right to owe them. He tendered his resignation, but no action was taken upon it.

—A Keokuk (Ia.) lady while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possesses more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot-gun call the bull dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way upstairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

—The Oswego (N. Y.) *Times* tells this story: "An old lady in the town of Oswego, who had not lived on the most agreeable terms with her husband, who had preceeded her to the 'happy land,' last week left, as her dying request, that she should be buried fifteen miles from the 'old man,' that the dog should be killed so that it could not visit a neighbor that the old lady disliked, and that she should have the very best coffin that could be procured, and be buried in a white alpaca robe. Alas for the hard-heartedness of humanity! As the old lady was largely dependent upon her neighbors, the distance she got from the 'old man' was reduced to five miles, and her coffin showed a shameful paucity of ornamentation. When last heard from, the dog was still alive, the neighbors not having had an opportunity to execute the last will and testament of the old lady upon him.

—It is reported that the late George N. Sanders left a number of manuscripts and memoranda of persons and things with whom and which he had come in contact, and that the papers will be arranged and published in due season. Hardly any man of his time has had more intimate knowledge of the political events of the last thirty or forty years, and his revelations of Washington life, if faithfully made, would certainly prove sensational. It used to be said before the war, that Sanders had a larger variety and number of odd experiences than any other resident of the National Capital. He often threatened, it is said, to write a book for the edification of future generations; and the report that he has left materials for such a publication is not at all improbable. He was on most intimate terms with Webster, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Van Buren, and all the prominent statesmen and politicians North and South.

—Something of a romance is connected with the recent return to Mrs. Buckner, the wife of General S. B. Buckner, the ex-Confederate General of Kentucky, of a certain large property, which, when the war broke out, she had conveyed to her brother. When Gen. Buckner entered the Confederate service, and before Mrs. Buckner joined him there, she conveyed the property to her brother under a deed of trust. The young man afterwards married, became a father and entered the Union service. The question now was what would be done with the property. If he should die or be killed without making a will re-conveying to his sister the property she had deeded to him his child would inherit the fortune. On the eve of the battle of Sharpsburg, however, he made a will of this character, and at the battle named was killed. General Burnside, who commanded the corps in which the young man served, knew that this will had been made. He kept the secret and after the war informed Gen. Buckner of it, and the latter by his aid was enabled to recover the will. The testamentary proofs having been obtained Mrs. Buckner's title was fully proved, and the fortune which seemed at one time to hang upon a slender thread was returned to her.

MURDER NEAR OIL CITY.

A Man Shot from His Own Door —A Mysterious Crime.

[From the Oil City Derrick, September 24.]

Yesterday, William Scott of Siverlyville, a cooper at the Imperial Refinery, a very steady, fine looking man of about forty-two, came to Oil City to lay in some household purchases (it being pay day). He returned to his home about 9 o'clock. As he entered the gate his wife was talking from an upper window in the adjoining half of the double house. He remarked: "I ought to have credit for bringing home this butter." His wife replied that he ought.

Thus gaily conversing, undreaming of danger, he turned the corner of his house, which brought him facing the kitchen door, in a projecting ell, each step bringing him nearer his fate. There was no light in the kitchen, and it was on the shady side of the house. As Mr. Scott stepped in, a man rushed from behind the door, placed the pistol close to Scott's head and fired, the ball entering the left eyebrow. Another shot was quickly fired, entering the forehead between the brows. Mr. Scott bowed his head and hallowed, when the assassin fired a third and fourth time, the balls entering, one at the back of the head and one back of the ear. The villain fled, but was seen when passing by a man to whom he was unknown, but who says he can identify the person if brought before him.

J. H. Alexander, living in the next house, had heard a rapid footstep on his own porch before Mr. Scott came home, and had looked out into his back yard for the intruder, who was probably the assassin, proceeding to his lurking-place.

After the firing was heard, and Mr. Alexander had reached the scene of the crime, he found Mr. Scott lying on the floor, his head in a pool of blood. Raising him up, and thinking he was dying, he asked the unfortunate man if he knew who shot him. Mr. Scott, very faintly and in a gasping manner, replied: "O, I don't know. I am shot three times."

He was carried up stairs by Samuel Alexander, who lived in the adjoining half of the house, and by Jefferson Selleck. When he was laid on the bed, Samuel Alexander inquired: "Scotty, who done this?" He answered: "Botsford done it."

This meant Botsford Chandler, whose father is a dealer in grain at Brady's Bend. The young man is wild, and thought to be dissolute, reckless, dangerous, and is said to be in the habit of carrying arms. His photograph was given to the Chief of Police.

There are plenty of rumors as to the cause of the shooting. Mr. Scott, when subsequently asked, while his weeping wife stood at the foot of the bed, if he thought Botsford did it, said he thought so at first. The neighbors seem to entertain no doubt that Chandler was the assassin. The possibility that the assailant was a cornered thief is negatived by a very competent witness—a bull dog, which does not allow strangers to come about, but made no objection to this man's presence; and Chandler used to board at the house, and has been there so often since as to excite comment among the neighbors.

Drs. Benton and Ritchie took out half a dozen pieces of skull bone above the eye. The ball which penetrated there could not be found last night. It was deemed imprudent to probe for it before reaction had set in. It might have passed down into the eye ball, or into the brain or have lodged in the temple or among the bones of the skull. The one which entered between the eyebrows went in about an inch from the other, and came out over the left eyebrow, about half an inch from where the other entered. The ball which entered at the back of the head came out back of the right ear, and clipped off the rear edge of the ear in its flight. The shot which entered near the base of the right ear behind, passed downwards, and the doctor's probe followed the direction some six inches, and to the front of the neck, without finding it. The physicians said, about midnight, that the symptoms were unfavorable, though recovery was possible. The poor man vomited profusely.

The pistol was so close to Mr. Scott that his right arm, midway between the shoulder and elbow, was severely burned. The bullets were small and conical. The Chief of Police obtained one, which was battered.

It is said that Mrs. Scott did not think Chandler committed the crime. Perhaps time will reveal the history of this secret, dark and bloody deed. Then it will be known where suspicion and where charity are due.

A Model Chicago Divorce Case.

The Chicago *Tribune* of Thursday says: Mary Curtis, who was divorced from her husband, James J. Curtis, on the 23d inst., yesterday came into court and affirmed that she first heard of proceedings for divorce being brought against her from her husband himself, since last Saturday, after the decree had been rendered. She affirms that her husband knew perfectly well where she lived, and if he had, lost the address or recollection of it he could have obtained it from persons whom she names, without the slightest difficulty; that, far from her deserting him and abandoning her home, and being guilty of acts of cruelty, as charged against her, upon which charges the decree of divorce was granted, he abandoned her, and ran away, and she has since been unable to obtain any support from him or any communication with him. The report of the Master of Chancery shows that he examined only one witness as to the desertion, abandonment, and cruelty charged—namely, the husband himself. The only other witness was a man who swore the husband's testimony was entitled to credit. He reported the charges proved, and the court granted the divorce.

The Saratoga Belle's Complexion.

A Saratoga letter to the Charlestown *News* says: A Saratoga belle never permits the eye of a man to behold her complexion by the light of garish day. And this is how she manages it: She completes her morning toilet with her hat. This hat necessitates a veil. This is a tiny square of drab gauze, dotted infinitesimally with black, and reaching just to the dimple in her chin. This headgear is assumed ostensibly for the before-breakfast-glass of Congress water, after which it is too much trouble to take one's hat off for breakfast.

After breakfast a glass of Columbian; then a ramble in the park, or a drive, or pizza flirtation, during which Charles Augustus wonders thusly, sotto voce: "If her complexion is so dooced stunning under that veil, what must it be without it?" (Poor youth) Poor Charles Augustus! He does not know what an enhancer of his charmer's charms is a little piece of drab gauze, spotted with black; he doesn't know that in the secret privacy of her chamber she fondly calls it her "beautifyer" and her little "love," and guards it more jealously than she does even her back hair.

The breakfast excuse serves for dinner (and, indeed, the informal two o'clock dinner at Congress Hall obviates the necessity of much toilet); after which a nap, in which the hat and veil do not figure, the "little love" probably being thankful for the afternoon siesta, also. If its fair owner is ambitious to make the most of the moments as they flee, she will take a drive before supper—the hat and veil again. A couple of hours at her toilet bring the shades of evening and the soft lustre of the gas under which she sweeps, blooming as Aurora, to the dining-room, leaving her precious little "beautifier" to slumber peacefully on the wardrobe shelf. And that is how she does it:

THE INSATIATE MARY JANE.

Is there no escape from the clutch of the Engaging Female? Will not even death release it? Or shall the suit for breach of promise attend the funeral, mingle with the mourners, follow the body to the grave, and then haunt the administrator and fasten upon the estate? Originarily it has been supposed that a man's wrongs died with him and that causes of action in tort expired with the death of the defendant. (There's a Latin law maxim to that effect, but everybody is so familiar with it that it exhibits greater erudition to give a free translation than to quote the original and is less exasperating to the unlearned; for which reason we refrain from the old Roman of it.) But it seems it is not so settled as to the Engaging Female. The man—the "horrid man," so to speak—loses his ground of action when the defendant whom he sues in an action of tort for damages puts off this corruptible, but the Engaging Female, the eager and persistent Mary Jane, doth not, in the words of one of Freedom's own poets, "give it up so." When once the hook in the handle of Mary Jane's umbrella gets a twist in the coat collar of the thoughtless bachelor or the too-confiding widower, it is a twist for aye. Time cannot mitigate or even death release it. She never lets go except for ducats. Slowly but surely she nips him. It's either scalps or ducats with Mary June. Either she shortens up her hold and tightens the twist until she makes him her own, or she gets large sums of money for the assuagement of her grief and the damage to her umbrella, and goes away to enjoy it—

It has been supposed, as heretofore remarked, that under these circumstances if a man died with Mary Jane's umbrella handle in his coat collar, he had fairly dodged her. There are Mary Janes in this vale of tears who do not so understand it. Here is one in Brooklyn; a Mary Jane who confided in an ex-Mayor, who was a widower and wealthy. She was willing to marry him. If he was ever willing to marry her, he changed his mind—false hearted man—and said he would not under any circumstances marry her, nor pay a continental dime for the privilege of not marrying her. Naturally enough Mary Jane tossed her head, as all girls do whose hearts are utterly broken, and said she'd see about it. She waited a little, and then, like Mariana in the moated grange, "'He cometh not,' she said," and sent a minion of the law to fetch him. And Mary Jane alleged that her affections had been lacerated to the extent of about $150,000 worth. Had the ex-Mayor been a less obstinate or more timid man it might have been said that he evaded the prosecution by dying. But he was not that sort of man. There is no doubt that the old gentleman would have liked to stay here a little while longer for no other purpose than to convince a jury of his countrymen that $150,000 was too high a price to put upon the affections of Mary Jane. But he died. And now Mary Jane comes into court and demands that the case be reopened against the estate. "*De mortuis nil nisi bona*" is Mary Jane's amendment of the old maxim as she goes for the dead man's estate. It is to be decided next Saturday whether the case shall be reopened. A great many timid bachelors and warm-hearted widowers await the decision with nervous anxiety.

For, look ye, if there's to be no escape from Mary Jane in this world and no dodging her by going out of it, she is a peril and a snare against whom the unhappy Single Man cannot be too earnestly or too often warned. Think of the Mary Janes who, taking advantage of such a situation, would make a business of frequenting funerals and subsequently suing the estates. There's no safety anywhere then for the Single Man. Every Page in a wait for him with winning ways and hooked umbrellas; they harass him in life and pounce upon his estate if they survive him. There's no escape but by the altar and some other Mary Jane. It's but a choice of Mary Janes, and the *post mortem* Mary Jane is the one to be most avoided. We have no desire to interfere with the just process of law, or to stand between any tearful Mary Jane and the $150,000 that would dry her cheeks and bind her broken heart; but really, here's a matter of precedent that ought to be considered, and in the interest of the unprotected Single Man we protest. Avaunt, Mary Jane! You are making it uncomfortable to live and dangerous to die. There should be a refuge from the breach of promise suit somewhere this side of the grave—if not this side, then in it certainly. But you make a man's testamentary reflections unhappy, his inventory uncertain, his estate embarrassed and his executors profane. Which you ought not to do.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Whim of a Wife.

An unusual story of matrimonial misfortunes was told yesterday to Judge Fanchen, in the Supreme Court, Chambers, in support of an application to get possession of a wife. According to the counsel's story, Henry J. Saulsbury was married in December, 1871, to the daughter of Geo. H. Nash. Three weeks after the wedding the young lady went back to her father's house, where she has lived ever since, and the husband is not permitted to see her. Mr. Saulsbury got out a writ of habeas corpus a few days ago, and yesterday the case came up on his motion for an order to have the wife produced, which he supports by the statement that she is under restraint by her parents, or she would return to him.

Counsel for the father submitted an affidavit of the daughter, that she had to leave her husband on account of his inability to support her; that she requires the care and support of her father; that she is in precarious health, and now, more than ever, needs the care of her mother; that she is under no restraint; does not want to see her husband, and never intends to live with him again. The counsel for the relator raised a doubt as to whether the affidavit is the voluntary act of the wife, inasmuch as the husband had letters from her of about the same date as the affidavit, full of expressions of ardent affection. Counsel then proposed that the husband and a physician of his own selection be allowed to visit the lady and ascertain her state of health, and whether she is under restraint. The other side would not hear of it, and finally Judge Fancher selected a physician and adjourned the case until to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Revolt in the Western Penitentiary.

The Pittsburgh *Journal* of Saturday says: Yesterday a revolt took place in the Western Penitentiary, which resulted in the injury of a keeper and the probable death of a convict. From all that can be learned it appears that some action of Mr. Day, the foreman of the shoemaking department, relative to a change of hands, gave such dissatisfaction as to cause open rebellion among the men. It is said that hammers and other missiles were hurled at the keepers, four of whom were in the room and that the use of knives was threatened. Mr. Day emptied his revolver at the ringleaders of the revolt and shot one man almost through from back to breast. After the riot was quelled Dr. Cole was sent for and the wounds of the injured man were dressed. It is believed that the convict who was shot will die. Mr. Day, the foreman, was considerably injured while a number of the convicts are also injured more or less. For a time all the keepers were in danger of their lives. There were nearly fifty men engaged in the shop, all being at work for Schmertz & Co., of this city.

New Advertisements

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHEO," signifying *to cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the same in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair. LYON'S KATHAIRON

S.T-1860-X.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a disordered stomach, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which WOMEN are especially subject, it is superior to every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Liver Disease. They act as a specific in all species of Fever, which undermine the bodily strength and destroy the animal spirits.

53 Park Place, New York.

STEVENSON & WITTISH

LAND OFFICE,

No. 198 Penn-St., Pittsburgh, & Beaver Falls, Pa.

☞ We offer the following described properties for sale. Call at our office and examine our Register of properties for sale:

A desirable farm containing 270 acres, situate in Economy township, Beaver Co., Pa., 1½ miles from the station at Legionville, P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. 100 acres improved, 170 acres in excellent timber; all tillable when cleared, and can be worked by machinery; good water on the place, good springs, never-failing, and runs; good limestone and building-stone, with quarry open; good fences, good fruit on the place; frame dwelling house two-stories, containing 8 rooms; frame bank barn 40x60 feet in good repair; stabling connected; good society in neighborhood, convenient to churches, science, post-office; a pleasant location. Price, $16,200.

No. 148.

A splendid farm of 187 acres, 100 acres cleared and under cultivation, situate in South Beaver township, Beaver county, Pa.; Excellent soil, land can be worked by machinery; 77 acres first class timber land; is watered by springs and running water; timber land is in good pasturage; Two-Story, Cut Stone, Dwelling of 6 rooms and kitchen, good cellar, all in good condition, house surrounded by shade trees; good Frame Bank Barn, cut stone foundation, 60x38 feet, stabling; stone corn house, and all necessary outbuildings; two good orchards; land lies on a good road. Price $10,000 in payments.

No. 245.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

Situate in Big Beaver township, Beaver county, State of Pennsylvania, containing 135 acres—120 acres improved—10 acres in timber, consisting of oak, hickory and Walnut. This farm can all be worked by machinery, land lies nearly all level, balance nicely rolling,—nearly all rich bottom land—the soil is black alluvial and rich sandy loam; is well watered by a run flowing through the place, and by several springs; is underlaid with coal of a superior quality; vein 3½ feet thick, opened in two places; excellent fire clay on this land; a brick kiln which is substantially built—used for either red or fire brick—all under fence but about 12 acres; timber land is in good pasture, would suit for dairy, stock, grain or gardening; 3 acres in orchard, all choice grafted fruit, consists of apple, peach, pear, plums and quince trees, and a variety of small fruits. Improvements consist of a Two Story Stone House containing 6 rooms with two story frame kitchen attached; a good comfortable house; also one log house of three rooms; a steam saw mill in good running order with good trade established; frame stable, corn crib, cattle shed, one-half mile from Darlington, two miles from the railroad station of Gallico, on the Ft. W. & C. R. R.; churches of all denominations within eight miles; city and neighborhood as good as in the county—schools, academy, stores, etc., close to the place. Price, $11,000.

Inquire of ALEX. McMAHAN, or Stevenson & Wittish.

ALLEGHENY TRUNK STORE

JOEL S. GOE & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

SADDLES, HARNESS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, AND TRAVELING BAGS,

No. 60 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa.

☞ All Orders promptly filled & Work warranted. jy30-3m

Workers Wanted!

For Woods's Household Magazine,

which, with its Premiums, is one of the most attractive in the country. Price of Magazine One Dollar a year. Commissions liberal, offering a lucrative and agreeable business to those willing to give it proper attention.

Vol. XIII begins with July, 1873. Examine our Clubbing and Premium Lists. Two first-class periodicals for the price of one. For specimen Magazine and further information address Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

s30-6m S. E. SHUTES, Publisher.

BEAVER SEMINARY,

BEAVER, PA.

Fall Session Opens September 9th, 1873.

PRIMARY, ENGLISH AND COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENTS.

For further information, send for circular, or address M. E. SCHEIBNER, *President.*

e18-1f] BEAVER, PA.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of John B. Swearengen, dec'd.

Letters of administration upon the estate of John B. Swearengen, deceased, late of Hanover township, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, will present the same properly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement without further delay. WM. H. FRAZER, *Administrator.*

aug6-6w

Executors' Notice.

Estate of John Cristler, Deceased,

Letters testamentary upon the estate of John Cristler, deceased, late of Greene township, Beaver County, Pa., having been granted to the subscribers, all persons having claims or demands against said estate, or knowing themselves indebted to the estate, are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay. EPHRAIM CRISTLER,

MICHAEL C. CRISTLER, } Ex'rs.

aug21-4w] H. HICK,

New Advertisements.

THIRD GRAND

AUCTION SALE!

MONDAY, SEPT. 15, 1873,

OF THE

Celebrated Knox Farm Lots.

The Knox Farm Auction Sales are acknowledged to be the fairest in the county.

THEY HAVE NO BIDDERS IN!

Every lot put up sells for what it will bring, and is a Bona Fide Sale to the highest bidder.

The Reservoirs for the Water works

ARE NOW BEING DUG,

AND THEIR COMPLETION GUARANTEED,

OR THE LOTS TAKEN BACK.

This Property, acknowledged to be the most beautiful and most highly cultivated in America, is without doubt,

THE BEST REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT

offered in the State of Pennsylvania, either purchased for a home or speculative purposes. By way of the Mount Oliver Incline and Passenger Railway. This Farm is only 30 MINUTES FROM THE PITTSBURGH POST OFFICE, and only TEN MINUTES FROM THE BIRMINGHAM MARKET HOUSE. The Grape Vines, Strawberry Plants, Fruit and Shade Trees to remain, becoming the property of the buyer, making every lot a GARDEN UNDER PERFECT CULTIVATION, filled with choice fruit and foliage without the delay of planting and waiting.

THESE LOTS ARE IN NO BARREN UNCULTIVATED PLACE.

They are already surrounded by Schools, Churches, Grocery Stores, Meat Markets, Shoe Stores, Doctors, Drug Stores, etc., and pleasant and agreeable society.

This property has all the comforts and conveniences of the city, with the beauty and delights of the country.

Business can be done in the city and dinner taken at home by the owner of a House and Lot on this Farm.

The property stands 400 feet above the river in an atmosphere that is delightful and healthy.

THE TERMS FOR THIS SALE ARE

Unusually Liberal,

$20 CASH

And $20 per Month for Six Months,

Without Interest

GIVES DEED FOR LOT,

Balance in 4 Yearly Payments.

130 LOTS.

Have been sold this season, and real estate men are unanimous in their opinion that population and improvement lead in this direction to a degree that warrants the statement that the lots will double in price in two years.

Invest in Property near a Large City!

That is what makes City Men Rich!

Had its late proprietor lived, this place would not have been sold for many years as it has steadily advanced in price, but the heirs desiring a special division, have deemed it best to offer the property for sale.

Sale to Begin at

10 O'CLOCK P.M., PROMPTLY.

THE GREAT WESTERN BAND

WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

For printed plans, and all information relative to the property, or the Great Sale, address, or call on

W. W. KNOX,

104 FIFTH AVENUE.

Nearly Opposite Cathedral.

A. M'ILWAINE,

Auctioneer.

Miscellaneous.

S. J. CROSS,

ROCHESTER,

Invites the attention of buyers to his very large new stock of

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

The celebrated Springfield

WOOLEN YARNS,

HATS AND CAPS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Builders and Contractor's

HARDWARE,

CARPENTER'S TOOLS,

FARMING TOOLS,

HOUSEKEEPER'S HARDWARE,

NAILS,

WINDOW GLASS,

PAINTS & OILS,

Fahnestock's Pure White Lead,

COLORED PAINTS,

DRY AND IN OIL,

LARD OIL, CARBON OIL, &c.,

SALT, LIME, CEMENT,

WOODEN PUMPS,

CHOICE GROCERIES

OF ALL KINDS.

ALWAYS BUY THE BEST.

THE WELL-KNOWN

SIPPO VALLEY FLOUR,

THE MOST RELIABLE BRAND

IN THE MARKET, MADE AT

MASSILLON, OHIO.

MILL FEED,

CORN AND OATS.

All Goods delivered free within a reasonable distance. Please call and examine my Stock and prices before purchasing.

S. J. CROSS.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1873.—sep3-tf

Broadway, New Brighton.

A. HANAUER

HAS constantly on hand,

AND is daily receiving additions of

NEW and desirable goods which he

ALWAYS sells at the lowest prices.

UNDER Garments (a full line).

EMBROIDERIES and White Goods.

RUFFLING, Tape and Pique Trimming,

BONNETS and Hats of every description,

A Full line of Gold Plated and Jet Jewelry,

ZEPHYR, Canvass Stamping and Stamped Paterns,

ARTIFICIAL Flowers of the best American and Foreign Manufacture.

RIBBONS—the most complete Assortment.

ORNAMENTS for Hats, Bonnets & Cloaks,

FRINGES of all Colors, Silk, Linen and Cotton.

FANS, Parasols and Umbrellas,

ARTICLES for the Toilet and Perfumery,

SILKS, Satins, Velvets and Velours,

HOSIERY and Gloves, from the best

IMPORTED to the Cheapest Domestic,

OTTOMAN and Slipper Paterns,

NOTIONS, Buttons, Small Wares, &c.

A. HANAUER,

No. 130 BROADWAY,

NEW BRIGHTON.

dec4-71y

Rowell & Co.'s Advertisements.

TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE

YOUNG Men and Ladies qualified for practical operators, at the Buffalo Telegraph Institute and City Line Telegraph. *Every graduate secures a position.* The largest and most complete in America. Address, for Circular and Catalogue, C. L. BRYANT, Superintendent, Buffalo, N. Y.

COLUMBIA CLASSICAL INSTITUTE

A Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. For Circulars, address Rev. H. S. Alexander, Columbia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FO

The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., September 10, 1873.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	3w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 sqr—10 lines,	$3 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00
4 squares, do	6 00	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
¼ column,	8 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
½ column,	11 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	40 00
1 column,	20 00	30 00	38 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$3 00
special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

JOB WORK.

Eighth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	$3 00
25 additional copies or less	50
Fourth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	3 00
25 additional copies or less	75
Half Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	5 00
25 additional copies or less	1 00
Full Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	8 00
25 additional copies or less	2 00
Bills in Equity five pages or less	15 00
Each additional page	2 00
Blanks, plain, one quire	3 00
Each additional quire	1 00

Other Job work at same rates.

TIME TABLE.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Morning Accom'n 9:19; Mail, 2:25 p. m.; Evening Fast Line, 9:14 p. m.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7:45 a. m.; Accom'n 6:10 p. m.; Last Line 2:25 p. m.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

STATE TICKET.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
ISAAC G. GORDON, of Jefferson county.
FOR TREASURER,
ROBERT W. MACKEY, of Allegheny county.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Assembly—S. J. CROSS, Beaver Co.
—JONA. ALLISON, Washington Co.
—A. L. CAMPBELL, Butler Co.
—LEVI MAY, Butler Co.
Prothonotary—O. A. SKALL.
Treasurer—JAMES H. MANN.
Commissioner—G. W. SHROADES.
Poor House Director—SAMUEL MCMANIMY.
Jury Commissioner—JOHN WILSON.
Auditor—J. P. CULBERTSON.
Trustees of Academy—H. S. INSALE.
—P. L. GRIM.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

We are requested to publish the following:
Assembly.—CHARLES CHENT, Beaver Co.
—DR. JOSEPH LUSK, Butler Co.
—W. LEE ARCHER, Washington.
—WM. O'BARNETT, Washington.
Treasurer.—C. B. HURST.
Prothonotary.—C. R. LESTER.
Commissioner.—DAVID PATTON.
Jury Commissioner.—Gen. JOHN STERLING.
Director of Poor.—JOHN C. REED, Esq.
Auditor.—JOHN A. RUSSELL.
Trustees of Academy.—THOMAS MCCREERY,
—JAMES BARNES.

The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the ARGUS to-day:

Special Notice—Hoofland's German Bitters.....C
Special Notice—H. Bence.....31-2w
Special Notice—Banner Baking Powder C
Adv—Geo. P. Rowell & Co.....13sep-4w
Adv—Dawson & Eakin.....3sep-tf
Special Notice—Chas. P. Brobeck.....5
Special Notice—A. McDonald.....1
Advertisement—W. W. Knox.....1c
Special Notice—W. W. Knox.....5t

$100 will buy a good second hand leather top buggy. Six months time will be given for payment. Inquire for M. at ARGUS office. 4-30-tf

Company C. 101st Regiment, Pa. V. V., held its annual re-union at Newport, Lawrence county, on Saturday, September 6th, 1873. Lieut. W. C. Davidson, of Pittsburgh, was orator for the occasion.

The fair, the fairest in style, the fairest in beauty, the fairest in price, are the Hats, Bonnets and fancy goods at Bence's, Beaver. Give them a fair trial. sep10-2w

A New Appointment.—Rev. W. F. Conner, son of Rev. J. Conner of Smithfield, Jefferson county, has been appointed by Rev. Dr. Williams to the Smith's Ferry circuit, M. E. Church, in place of Rev. J. E. Scott, who has been transferred as a Missionary to India.

Opening of Fall Millinery, Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, &c., all the new styles at Bence's, Beaver. sep10-2w

Blew out the Gas.—Joseph Lehring, an East Liverpool, Ohio, man, went to Allegheny city last week and put up for night at the Diamond Hotel. On retiring to bed Joseph just "blew out the gas," and in the course of an hour or two Joseph himself would have been "blown out," if the other inmates of the hotel had not been awakened by a terrible smell of gas which pervaded the whole house.

Visitors to the fair should call at Bence's, Beaver, for one of the new style Hats or Bonnets, Ribbons, Ruches, Kid Gloves, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Corset Perfumery, or Fancy Goods generally—a full stock. sep10-2w

A Curious Breach of Promise Case.—While the late Mayor Kalbfleisch, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was living, suit was brought against him by Mary Jane Wade for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars damages, for breach of promise of marriage, and on Monday she obtained through counsel an order to show cause why the trial of the case should not go on. The gentle Mary is clearly after cash.

For a stylish Fall Hat or Bonnet at a reasonable price, go to Bence's, Beaver, New Style Hats, Bonnets, Plumes, Flowers, Ribbons; also Gloves, Ruches, Hair goods &c. sep10-2w

Free of Charge.—Call at Hugo Andriessen's Beaver Drug Store, Beaver, Pa, and get a sample bottle of Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup, *free of charge*. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and for any person suffering with a severe cough, heavy cold settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs it has no equal in the world. Our regular size bottles 75 cents. In all cases money will be promptly returned if perfect satisfaction is not given. Two doses will relieve any case. Try it now29-ly.

An energetic effort is making just now, we learn, to have the Rev. William White restored to the ministry. A paper asking the Presbytery to reinstate him was handed around to the Presbyterian congregation at Bethlehem—opposite Industry—last Sabbath one week ago. The paper was numerously signed and it is generally believed that sooner or later Mr. White will be in the ministry again. It will be remembered that Mr. W. was tried in our court some three years ago for procuring an abortion on the person of a young woman belonging to his congregation.

The Household Panacea, and Family Liniment is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever for Internal and External use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely removes the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

The Household Panacea is purely Vegetable and all Healing. Prepared by Curtis & Brown, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York. For sale by all druggists. jy18-1y

Wm. Oyler, the alleged thief, who made things so lively in our jail a few weeks ago, and who finally gave bail for his appearance at our September term of court, did not come forth last week and his recognizance was therefore forfeited. Willie had a very good reason for not putting in an appearance at Beaver last week, to wit: he was in jail at Pittsburgh awaiting his sentence there for a theft of which he was found guilty a few days ago. He will hardly be heard of here again, and the $500.00—the amount of his recognizance—will, or at least ought to—soon find its way into the county treasury.

—Now is the time to plant advertisements in order to reap a good fall crop.

—The conversions at the Ipetadale camp meeting are said to number about 80.

—"What shall we take to the Fair?" is now the question in every well regulated family.

—It was not cholera morbus that occasioned Mr. John McCarter's death, but cerebro spinal meningitis.

—"Fifty dollars and costs" is about what the court said generally last week, after the cider cases were heard.

—The editor of the New Lisbon *Buckeye State* rejoiceth. It's a girl, only eight pounds.

—The Grand Jury finished its business on Thursday evening and adjourned.

—Apples range from 75 cts to $1.00 per bushel hereabouts, and are neither plenty nor good.

—Orders have been issued prohibiting local freight trains on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad from carrying passengers.

—The "grasshopper twist" with which some of our young ladies are afflicted, is said to have originated from stomach ache in a mild form.

—The average Beaver county juror does not believe that $2 per day pays him for leaving his work and coming to Beaver to attend court.

—Rev. R. C. Crichlow has had charge of the Presbyterian congregation in New Brighton since 1841—a period of 32 years.

—The Beaver county fair takes place on the 24th, 25th and 26th days of September, everybody should make it a point to be on hand at that time.

—There are 218 newspapers published in the United States which have passed the fiftieth year of their existence. The ARGUS is one of the number.

—Contrary to the general belief last week, Rev. Joshua Monroe has grown better again, and hopes are entertained now that he may live for some time yet.

—Thirty seconds and five minutes is what a number of horses now practicing in the fair grounds, will be able to trot a mile in, in the course of a month or two's more training.

—Mr. N. Lindsey, of Bridgewater, has our thanks for a beautiful collection of dahlias gathered in his garden. We hope Mr. L. will display similar varieties at our county fair.

—Thos. B. Wells, esq., at present residing in Beaver Falls, was a little boy living with his parents in Beaver when the county was organized 70 years ago. He is in his 76th year now, but looks as if he was good for a good many years yet.

—Mr. and Mrs. Erskine—*nee* Miss Ida McCreery—left Beaver on last Thursday for New Orleans, where they intend to establish themselves in the future. Their numerous friends wish them a safe journey to, and great prosperity in their new home.

Mr. Lo! On his Muscle.—An Indian named Henry Stewart, a blacksmith of Hookstown, this county, was brought before our court last week on a charge of assault and battery preferred by a Mr. Lathan. The Grand Jury found a true bill, after which the "native" plead guilty, was fined $10 and ordered to pay the costs of prosecution.—Mr. Stewart was originally a member of the Corplanter tribe, but has been "paddling his own canoe" for a good many years. He has been in Hookstown for some time past; and is quite genteel in appearance, but prone to strike out from the shoulder when provoked. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate a spirit of peace in the future, and when a pale-face smites him on the one cheek he will turn to him the other also.

Why! Why! Why!—is Hoofland's German Bitters patronized by our best citizens? Because it is reliable in all cases. It is not a rum drink. It has been used thirty years. It is recommended by physicians. It is recommended by clergymen. It is recommended by lawyers. It is recommended by all who use it. It will cure liver complaint. It will cure dyspepsia. It will cure Jaundice. It will cure marasmus. It will cure habitual constipation. It will cure sick headache. It will strengthen the debilitated. It will tone up the nerves. It will give a good appetite. It will assist digestion. It will cure all diseases arising from diseased or debilitated digestive organs. Be sure you get "Hoofland's German Bitters." Sold by all Druggists. Principal office 603 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Smuggling Fire-arms to Indians.—In General Stanley's report of Custar's fight with the Indians on the Yellowstone, published yesterday, he states the Indians were supplied with Manchester rifles by traders, who now ship guns as hardware. Western men, now in Washington, state that it is the regular practice of traders at all the military posts on the Upper Missouri river to sell rifles and ammunition to the Indians under all circumstances and at a large profit. They state that it can be proved beyond doubt, that directly after the terrible massacre in Dakato, two years ago, the Indians came into the trading station with the blood on their hands and clothes fresh from the murder of women and children, and obtained from the Government agents large supplies of rifles and ammunition.

The following little romance is recorded by the Alliance *Local*:

"On the 8th of July, 1872, Mr. A. C. Silver, who has charge of the telegraph repairs on the C. & P. R. R., started from home on his trip of inspection, putting a ten dollar bill loosely in his pocket, with which to defray expenses. Between Hammondsville and Yellow Creek, he found an insulator broken, and placing a new one in his pocket ascended and replaced the broken one and passed on. After going a couple of miles he missed the bill and went back to where he had ascended the pole, making diligent search, but without avail. Last Saturday week, while in company with five others making repairs in that neighborhood, he ascended a pole to make some changes in the arrangement, and on removing an insulator he discovered a piece of paper sticking to the bracket, which on examining he found to be the identical bill, in good condition, that he had lost more than a year ago."

The Tidioute *Journal* says: Triumph boasts of a specimen of young America, which will probably become known to the world through the columns of the *Police Gazette*. He is a youngster of about two years, smokes, chews, and drinks beer to an amazing extent. He gets drunk as often as his old examples, and seems to enjoy it about as much. When five cents is given him to buy candy, he buys beer instead, and instead of eating sugar takes a chew of tobacco, and swallows it. His language is a mixture of Five Points' slang and oil talk. We will probably hear from this youth in the future.

The Ellsworth, Maine, *American*, repeats a good story which was told at the Kent dinner the other night: When Kent was first chosen Governor, and after weeks of doubt, was finally counted in, and was proceeding to Augusta to assume the office he stopped at Unity with his escort for dinner. After dinner, when the party were in their sleighs ready to start, Kent bethought him of his smoke and asked the hostler to goin and get him a cigar. The hostler did so, and came out puffing the cigar, which he took from his mouth and offered the Governor, "No, my friend," said Kent, mildly, "I could do it before the election, but I can't now."

Tunnels, Bridges, &c.—A gentleman who has charge of one of the trains on the Pan Handle railroad informs us that there are nine tunnels and sixty-two bridges on that road between Pittsburgh and Dennison, Ohio, the distance between these two points being ninety-three miles. It clearly has its share of tunnels and bridges.

Children often look Pale and Sick from no other cause than having worms in the stomach. *Brown's Vermifuge Comfits* will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly *White*, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations. *Curtis & Brown*, Proprietors, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York. Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and dealers in Medicines at *Twenty-Five cents a Box.* jy16-1y-73

A Runaway—Arm Broken.—On last Thursday morning, as Mr. Joseph Hall, of the National Hotel, was getting into his buggy in which his pony was hitched, the animal started, and Mr. H. being unable to control it, jumped out, and in the fall one of his arms was broken. The pony ran some two miles before coming to a halt. The Drs. Lawrence were called upon to reduce the fracture. Mr. H.'s wound is improving.

Thirty Years' Experience of an old Nurse.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of Curtis and Perkins is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. jy16-1y.-73

A Beaver County's First Prisoner.—In a conversation a few days ago with a gentleman who lived in Beaver at the time the county was organized (in 1803) he informed us that although but a mere child he remembered distinctly the building of the first jail and the appearance of the first prisoner in the county. The jail was constructed of oak slabs, and from his account of it, such a genius as Willie Oyler would not have roosted in it twenty minutes. The name of the first prisoner was Thatcher, and he was incarcerated for debt. Mr. T. has descendents still living in the county, and as his imprisonment was the result of misfortune, and not crime, they need not blush at the recital of the above bit of local history.

Sponge Cake.—To the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, add three-quarter pound of white sugar, juice of one lemon, one-half pound of flour, having in it one measure of Banner Baking Powder, and the whites of six eggs, beaten very stiff.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this really valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box, 817, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

A Flock of Dogs Destroyed by a Sheep.—On Saturday, August 23, the family of Mr. William Wallace, sr., in Pulaski township, discovered a "flock of dogs" after their sheep. Robert, a son, on going to the field with his rifle, found four dogs busily engaged in worrying one sheep. *First fire*—a large black dog dead; *second fire*—a medium sized canine of the feminine species—dead; *third fire*—another mortally wounded, after which the fourth one deeming discretion the better part of valor, left before young Mr. Wallace could get a shot at him. As a slayer of worthless dogs Robert Wallace is clearly a success.

Nothing gives us more respect for a man than to see him use temperate language in discussing persons whom he does not like. This is the reason why we have a profound regard for the editor of the Lexington (Mo.) *Caucasian*. He is a man who restrains himself when he feels mad. He was bitterly opposed to the recent editorial convention in St. Louis, and he said so; but instead of denouncing it with violent language, instead of hurling foul epithets at it, instead of abusing the members and blackguarding them and calling them vile names, and indulging in indecency and vulgarity, he chose a better and more christian course, and merely referred kindly but decidedly to the convention as "an aimless and fruitless catawampus of nincompoopoic gabsquirts and rapscallions." And then, we suppose, he had his head shaved and went to bed. When such amiable gentlemen as this control the press and help to form public opinion, it would be ridiculous not to expect the rapid growth of the American people in christian civilization.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

New Castle had a $30,000 fire last Monday one week ago. The fire broke out in the stables attached to the Knox House, and from thence spread to the hotel named, and both were soon destroyed. From here the flames were communicated to Fisher's flour and feed store; thence to George Henry's dry goods store; thence to McGee & Cubbison's jewelry establishment; next to McNair's merchant tailoring establishment; thence to Robinson's tobacco store; thence to John Ewer's dry goods establishment, the largest of the kind in the city, Captain Gilland's trimming and notion store was next struck, followed shortly after by McGowan's grocery, the warehouse of J. N. Ewer and Anthony Henderson, and McKee's stable. All these houses were destroyed completely, together with a number of stables and outbuildings of less importance. Most of the merchandise in the stores was saved. The gentleman from whom the above information was obtained estimates the loss at about $30,000, on which their was partial insurance. The spread of the destructive element was very rapid, and fears were entertained that the disaster would be extended over a still greater area. The citizens and firemen worked manfully, however, and finally succeeded in subduing the fire. The loss will be severely felt, but the enterprising people of New Castle will soon, no doubt, have the burned district covered with new and more substantial structures.

The Postal Card Trouble.—The manufacturers of the postal cards seem to be in no hurry to answer the letter of Third Assistant Postmaster General Barber notifying them that the cards are not equal to the requirements, and unless the quality of the paper and the printing be improved the contract will be annulled and proceedings instituted against them to recover the penalty named in the bond—$100,000. H. Tyner, postal card agent at Springfield, writes to Third Assistant Postmaster General Barber that on the 27th ultimo he rejected 903 sheets (about 32,000 postal cards) on account of the miserable printing and poor quality of the paper. Upon Mr. Morgan, one of the firm having the contract, examining them, he said he would like to save as many good ones from the lot as possible, whereupon the agent requested him to show any cards in the whole lot that were equal to the contract requirement. The contractor cut from one sheet two cards, which, he said, were good enough to issue. The cards were enclosed in a letter to General Barber, and are very poor specimens of typography. Mr. Tyner ordered that the whole 32,000 cards be destroyed, and the department has approved of this action. About two million more postal cards will be required to complete orders from all the post-offices. It is expected that this number will be shipped within the next week, and the whole country will then be supplied.

Missionary to India.—Rev. J. E. Scott, a very worthy young man and minister of the M. E. Church in Jefferson county, Ohio, and who has been supplying Smith's Ferry for a few weeks, has been appointed by the authorities of his church a Missionary to India, and sailed for that country August 29th, in the steamer Idaho. The Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* thus speaks of Mr. Scott, and of his appointment as a Missionary to India:

"Concerning brother J. E. Scott, who is from this region, there is something worthy of note. He had, we think, offered himself some time ago as a missionary, but was held in reserve. One of the company to go out under the lead of Brother Mansell failed to go. Within a few days of the time of sailing, brother Scott was recommended by the Wellsville, Ohio, Quarterly Conference, convened at Spring Grove Camp Meeting, by Dr. Williams, presiding elder; the fact telegraphed to the Secretaries at New York; by them his name was telegraphed to Nevada Conference, where Bishop Peck was presiding; he was admitted, appointed a missionary to India and transferred to the India Conference. In less than eight days from the time this series of acts was begun he was "out on the ocean sailing." We have been informed that J. E. Scott is a nephew of Rev. T. J. Scott, now in India."

A Remarkable Feat.—James McDermot, esq., who is well known to every citizen of Washington, performed a remarkable feat in the *Reporter* office one day last week. He put in type the article headed *Jefferson Davis' Speech*, printed on the second page of this week's issue of the paper, and when the proof was carefully read but a single wrong letter was found in the whole of it. The fraternity will wonder at the accuracy of the work when we state that Mr. McDermot is now seventy-nine years of age, and will agree with us that there are few men of his years in America or elsewhere capable of performing such a feat. When a young man he worked for sometime for Messrs Gales & Seaton, proprietors of the old *National Intelligencer* of Washington City, and after he left them and came to this place, they offered him a life situation at good wages if he would engage with them. We believe he learned his trade in Gettysburg, Pa., and worked in the *Reporter* office many years before most of the present generation were born. During the war of 1812 he served his country and participated with Gen. Scott in the battles of Chippewa Plains, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. He was twice appointed postmaster at Washington, the first time by President Zachary Taylor, in 1848, and again in 1861, by President Abraham Lincoln. All our citizens will testify to the fidelity with which he discharged these duties. He also served in an official capacity one or two winters at Harrisburg. In all his long career he has been very abstemious, leading a sober industrious life. That he may be spared many years to enjoy earth's blessings is the wish of many friends.—*Washington Reporter.*

Obituary.—In the death of John Collins, esq., which occurred on last Wednesday evening at his residence on Warren avenue, in this city, Chicago has lost one of her most excellent citizens. Mr. Collins came to this city several years ago, and was associated with Marder & Luse in the type-foundry, but more recently was engaged in the wholesale grocery business, as a member of the firm of Collins, Whitney & Co. He was born in Maryland, resided for many years in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, and in Steubenville, Ohio. Coming west, he settled in Davenport, Iowa, and from thence removed to this city. While residing in Pennsylvania he held the office of Clerk of the Court, and in Iowa was made Treasurer of Scott county. He was a man of unswerving integrity, was charged with many trusts, and was faithful to the highest degree in all. He was also well versed in the political history of the country, and in the campaigns before the war took an active part in public speaking, with great success, and was the champion and friend of some of the leading men of the time. Though reared in a slave State he was opposed to slavery, and was also a warm friend and earnest advocate of temperance. He has been identified with the Eighth Presbyterian Church of this city, was one of its warmest supporters, a leading trustee, greatly loved and respected, and the church, as well as the city, sustain by his death a very great loss.—*Chicago Journal.*

On Saturday a young man and woman got on the passenger train of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, due here at five o'clock, at one of the stations this side of Mingo. At the next station another fellow got on and went through the train evidently looking for some one. As soon as he saw the young man and woman sitting together, without a word he commenced beating and kicking them both. The woman had her eyes blackened and her clothing torn and her companion was shamefully disfigured by the blows and kicks received. The passengers interfered and the ruffian was hustled into another car. At the next station the man and woman were put off, for the fellow who had beaten them was swearing that he would shoot them both. He was carried some six or eight miles further down the road and he too was put off. No sooner did the train start to move off without him than he drew a revolver and commenced an indiscriminate firing into the train, causing the passengers to be busy looking for something under the seats of the cars. We hear that one shot took effect in the arm of the conductor. The fellow should have been caught and hung to a limb of the nearest tree.—*Wheeling Register.*

Eloped From Elizabeth Borough.—A rather romantic and interesting elopement story comes from the borough of Elizabeth, though at present the names of the principals are withheld from an anxious public. A minister who resides within the bounds of the borough, it is related, is the happy father of two "amiable and interesting" daughters—as the story books would say. One of them is of about nineteen summers, while her sister is two years younger. For some time—our authority was not definite in regard to dates—a young man living in the vicinity has been paying especial attention to the older lady, and maiden aunts and village gossips generally, who always know about such things, were well satisfied that the couple were engaged. On Tuesday evening the young man called at the house—as he had done on previous occasions—bringing with him a horse and buggy. In the calm, still hours of the evening the buggy was drawn up to the door, and one of the young ladies—which proved to be the younger one—got into the buggy, and the two repaired to the Esquire's office and were married. The consternation of the family and of the village gossips, when the revelation was made the next morning, may be imagined; it certainly cannot be described. The *denouement* of the affair was more unexpected, from the fact that the young man had apparently ignored the young lady entirely, when he called at the house, and the actions of the two would never have led to suspect such a peculiar termination. How the affair is looked upon by the young lady who was suddenly made the sister-in-law instead of the wife of the young man, our authority did not inform us.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

Court Proceedings.—Court commenced in Beaver on Monday of last week, and continued in session until Friday, Judge Acheson being unable to attend on account of his ill health, the court was presided over by his associates, Judges Lawrence and Wilson. The former charged the Grand Jury, and between the two the court was "run" quite clearly until a large amount of business was transacted. The following cases were acted upon.

Commonwealth vs Jacob Coblens. Indictment, conspiring to defraud. Verdict guilty.

Com. vs David Anderson and Chas. Hanable. Indictment, nuisance. True bill. Case continued.

Com. vs Henry Stewart. Indictment, assault and battery. True bill. Defendant pleaded guilty and sentenced to pay the costs, and a fine of $10.

Com. vs David Corby. Indictment, aggravated assault and battery. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, James Hare, to pay the costs.

Com. vs Enoch Fields. Indictment, assault and battery. Ignoramus and prosecutor, J. L. Welsh, to pay the costs.

Com. vs Samuel McCullough. Indictment, forcible entry. Ignoramus and county to pay the costs.

Com. vs Ink. Indictment, selling liquor on election day. Ignoramus and county to pay the costs.

Com. vs Chas. Ink. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. Ignoramus and county to pay the costs.

Com. vs Patrick Lynch. Indictment, robbery. True bill.

Com. vs James O. Hare. Indictment, assault and battery. True bill. Verdict guilty.

Com. vs Weisgarber. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill.

Com. vs Casper Whitesell. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill.

Com. vs James Roney. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill.

Com. vs James Merriman. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill.

Com. vs Harrison Campbell. Indictment, seduction and bastardy. True bill.

Com. vs John Boswell. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill.

Com. vs Peter Copperamith. Indictment, seduction and bastardy. True bill.

Com. vs John Lee. Charge, desertion on oath of Elizabeth Lee. Discontinued—parties agreeing to live together. Defendant to pay the costs.

Com. vs James Merryman. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs F. G. Robokast. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and cost of prosecution.

Com. vs Charles Hath. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill, verdict guilty.

Com. vs James Merryman. Indictment, selling liquor to minors. True bill. The court allow a *nolle prosequi* in this case, on payment of costs by defendant.

Com. vs Samuel Hannan. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs Samuel Hannan. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution.

Com. vs James Hays. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs James Hays. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. Ignoramus.

Com. vs John F. Muller. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Jury sworn. Special verdict rendered.

Com. vs John F. Muller. Indictment, selling liquor to men of known intemperate habits. True bill. Verdict not guilty. Defendant pay costs of prosecution.

Com. vs Peter Kleer. Indictment, selling liquor to minors. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs William Tupper. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. Ignoramus.

Com. vs Peter Kleer. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs Charles Brobeck. Indictment, selling liquor without license. Ignoramus.

Com. vs Lucy Johnson. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill. Verdict guilty as to selling cider, but not guilty as to selling other liquors.

Com. vs William Tupper. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs William Beuchler. Indictment, selling liquor without license. True bill. Continued, and defendant directed to enter into recognizance in the sum of $100.

Com. vs Jacob Erb. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs Peter Wilging. Charge, surety of the peace. *Nolle prosequi* entered.

Com. vs William Harrison. Indictment, assault with intent to commit a rape. Continued till next term, and defendant directed to enter into recognizance in the sum of $1,000.

Com. vs J. D. Coffin. Indictment, selling liquor contrary to law. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs J. D. Coffin. Indictment, selling liquor to men of known intemperate habits. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the well known Knox Fruit Farm is offered for sale in building lots. This place, celebrated the world over for its beauty and for the fertility of its soil, is without doubt the most desirable place for a home in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh and as an investment cannot be equalled. We earnestly advise our readers to give the following facts a careful consideration, as we are satisfied that all who have money to invest, whether it be a small or large amount, will make a grave mistake if they overlook this opportunity. Had its late proprietor lived it would have been many years before it would have been offered for sale, as population and city improvements were so evidently and inevitably tending to this quarter, that every year seemed to nearly double the property in value; and this rapid advance must continue for some years to come. But at his death his heirs, anxious for a division of the estate, chose this means of arriving at that end, and hence the sale. Invest in property near to large cities,—that is what has made city men rich; and it will make all rich who try it, for property near to such cities surely and invariably advance. This farm is thirty minutes from the Pittsburgh Post Office, by way of the Passenger Railway and Mount Oliver Incline, and ten minutes from the South Side Market House by way of the Mount Oliver Incline. It has all the conveniences of the city, already surrounded as it is by churches, schools, doctors, drug stores, and stores and markets of all kinds. The proprietors are erecting water works at their private expense, guaranteeing their completion, or not holding buyers to their contracts. New improvements are tending here naturally and will keep up a steady advance in values. Being as it is practically in the city, from its easy access and from its comforts and conveniences, and yet possessing all the beauties and delights of the country, the people of the city are seeking homes here, and will continue to do so till prices will continue to advance for many years to come. Those wonderful grape vines, strawberry plants, fruit and shade trees, concerning which we have heard so much, remain becoming the property of lot buyers, thus making each lot a garden under perfect cultivation without the delay of planting and waiting. Remember, the terms of payment are such as to give buyers with only a small amount of money the chance of purchasing and making their first payment. Go then any way the day of the sale and see what they can do.

Found.—In Rochester, Pa., a lady's pocket book, containing a small sum of money, &c. The owner can have the same by calling at Chas. P. Brobeck's drug store, opposite the depot, Rochester, and paying for this notice. sept10-tf

Daring Attempt at Robbery—Seven Shots Fired—The Robbers Driven Away.—On last Thursday night, a little after 12 m., Mr. Joseph McCreery, who resides with his father, Maj. Thos. McCreery, of this place, being disturbed from some cause or other, and having missed the light from the hall, proceeded to satisfy himself that no member of the family were down stairs, went back to his bedroom and provided himself with a revolver, and then ventured as far down the stairs as the light from the dining room would permit him, and there he got a glimpse of their movements. They were then lunching, and engaged in moving the silver sets from the cupboards. While engaged in carrying silver from cupboards to baskets already provided in the kitchen, he embraced the opportunity to slip down the stairs in one of their tours, but unfortunately, ere he could reach the bottom of the stairs the light returning from the kitchen shone full on him. The other robber being quickly disturbed fired, the ball whizzing so close to Mr. M.'s head as to cut off one of his locks closeby his ear.—The other man in astonishment dropped the lamp, which, fortunately, went out without exploding. Mr. M. immediately ran into the dining room, fired into the darkness at the supposed position of the robbers. The flash from the revolver revealed one moving into the kitchen, Mr. M. followed and fired which was returned, but fortunately without effect. He turned to look after the one in his rear, and in running back fell over the clothes basket with the silver in it, loosing his revolver in the fall. When he at last found it the other robber was heard unlocking the front door leading to the street. Mr. M. run quickly to the hall, but his man had succeeded in getting out, he at once run to the front door and fired at the robber ere he could double the corner; he run to the corner and fired again which was returned by the burglar. Mr. M. in his bare feet could not follow any further; returned to the house to look after the other man. By this time the whole neighborhood was aroused, and quite a crowd collected at the house. An examination showed that the robbers had gathered up all the silver ware belonging to Major McCreery and had it in a large basket, ready to carry it away, and in another basket they had a ham and several loaves of bread which they procured in the kitchen. In their haste to get beyond the reach of Mr. McCreery's shots they abandoned everything, and sought only to escape with whole skins. The larger one of the two was about six feet in height and would weigh, perhaps, 180 pounds, the other one was about five feet eight inches—weight about 140 pounds. Mr. M. thinks he would hardly be able to recognize either of the villains.

Conspiracy to Defraud.—A case eliciting considerable interest was tried in our court last week. The facts are substantially as follows: A man named Coblenz, and claiming to be a doctor, is the patentee of a liniment which he calls Coblenz' Anathetic. He lived in Beaver Falls, and understanding the gullibility of some of the people in that rural village he began to devise ways and means to dispose of the receipt for making his liniment. He first approached a man by the name of Youts, and agreed to make him his agent in effecting a sale, and told him he must act under his instructions. Subsequently he instructed Youts to see an aged man by the name of Inman, living in Beaver Falls, and offer him the right to make and sell the liniment. In accordance with his instructions he visited Inman, and proposed that they should buy the liniment together, stating that he knew a man in Pittsburgh who would give $3,000 for it and they could buy it for $2,000. Inman did not agree to buy it at that time. Youts reported to Coblenz for further instructions, and Coblenz told him he would get a letter from Pittsburgh making him an offer of $3,000 for the recipe, and that he must show Inman this letter and renew his proposition. He received a letter containing said offer, showed it to Inman and urged him to buy. The letter was signed by one McNulty. He afterwards visited McNulty in Pittsburgh, when the offer was renewed, McNulty saying that he meant business. He and Inman visited Coblenz for the purpose of talking the thing over, but left without making a purchase. Coblenz then wrote a letter himself to be shown Inman, and instructed Youts that when they came again to see him, that he—Youts—must try, in the hearing of Inman, to get him to lower his price. The second letter was shown Inman, and they again visited Coblenz. Youts carried out his instructions but Coblenz refused to fail. A bargain was finally struck—Youts and Inman agreeing each to give his note for $1,000. They then repaired to the office of S. Magaw, esq., where the notes were drawn; and executed also an article of agreement for the sale of the recipe. It having been previously agreed between Youts and Coblenz that Coblenz was to return Youts his note. Youts turned States evidence and it seemed from his evidence that after consummating the bargain, they went to Pittsburgh to see the man McNulty, who had offered $3,000 for the recipe. Youts taking with him some of the money obtained on the note of Inman, which Coblenz had got discounted by a bank in Harmony. Youts met him in the Court House, gave him the envelope containing money sent by Coblenz, and told him what they were after, and that Inman was waiting to see him, to get him to buy the liniment (or the right to make it) for $3,000 as he had offered to do; (being thus put on his guard) he dodged Inman who never was able to get to see him. Youts then applied to Coblenz to give up his note, but Coblenz said that it would be necessary for him to allow a judgment to be had on it in order to lull the suspicion of Inman. Accordingly they met before a Justice of the Peace, and Youts amicably confessed a judgment for the amount of the note; he afterwards threatened Coblenz with exposure to induce him to satisfy this judgment. It was also in evidence that Coblenz gave Youts part of the money obtained on the note, and subsequently took a part of what he had given him from him again. These are the facts as shown by the State and upon which the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Robert Gilmore, from Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa., called upon us this week. Bob, who is known as "Bricky" where he lives, informs us that he was a passenger on the first canal boat that came through to Youngstown from the Ohio River. The boat was four days coming through and crowds of people gathered at every lock on the canal to see the great and novel spectacle afforded by the first canal boat. The trip was one of continual jollification, and when the boat arrived at Youngstown, its passengers landed and took possession of the village, the inhabitants of which they kept wide awake all night. One of the then taverns here had a bell mounted on its roof. Bob, with

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Delia's Government Bond.

"Why do you go to Cherrywood?" asked everybody three years ago.

"Because nobody else goes there;" we truthfully and unfashionably replied, and we never regretted it.

When the railroad journey was ended and a twelve mile drive in a two-seated spring wagon was superadded, it must be confessed that the sight of widow Blatchford's, where, in the Yankee parlance of our driver, we were to 'put up,' was not enlivening. Externally the house was of bright red, and for a moment its appearance increased our heat and exhaustion; but once inside, the coolness and shadow were inexpressibly soothing. The rooms were deliciously dim in our weary eyes; through the window came the tinkling of water trickling over rocks from a spring behind the house, and though the wall paper was a pattern of chocolate-colored urns in painfully precise rows, on a ground of sombre gray, and two mourning pieces, framed in black wood, were conspicuous ornaments, the pure white dimity curtains, and the jar of pale green and delicately fragrant wood ferns in the fireplace gave grace and lightness sufficient to redeem the depressive effects of the first mentioned features. The windows looked out on a grand mountain panorama, crowned with changing clouds, and the valley stretching away below. We exclaimed with delight as we sank into the straight-backed cushioned rockers, and took in the situation.

"I expect you're dreadful fond of mountains," said the good hostess beamingly. "But hadn't you better take some supper now? The hills will keep, but maybe the victuals won't."

They did not long, for we addressed ourselves to their disposal with marked success. What a supper! Crispy fried brook trout; smaller and sweeter than any other fish that swims, powdery potatoes of marvelous whiteness, heaped up doughnuts, ample slices of brown bread and white ditto, "slap jacks" of size and tenderness, and the inevitable Yankee "soda biscuits," hot, light and yellow. How good it tasted only those can know who, like ourselves, have traveled far and long, climbing for hours straight up hill after hill, to reach at last, table land, where the air is so pure so clear, so bracing, that we rise body and soul on tiptoe. Then we slept the sleep of the just and undispeptic on husk mattresses that were neither thin nor knobby, lulled by the tinkling spring into pleasant dreams.

Cherrywood life for visitors was exhilarating with fun, fishing, mountain climbing, and mountain driving too, for those who had the temerity to struggle into the high wagon fearless of the steep up and down road, and confident in the strength of the harness. Gradually we came to know and like many of the people, being taken in their homes and interests with a free heartedness which we fear will cease if Cherrywood ever gets a name as a "nice summer resort," and learns the give-little-and-take-much system of most places so yclept.

Our hostess, dear motherly woman, was a stout walking encyclopedia of information regarding every neighbor great and small, spicing each tale or anecdote with shrewd comments and keen perception of character and softening all by honest, unpretending charity.

"Take notice who's in the store, won't you? I'm particular to know if Reuben Gilson has got back."

She called thus after us one pleasant afternoon, as we were going for the papers left by the mail stage at the store, which was also the post-office for Cherrywood, and we assented, wondering inwardly if Reuben Gilson went about labeled that we were expected to know him at once. A glance sufficed to tell us that all the occupants of the store and porch were known to us, but as we turned from the building, a tall, blithe figure passed us, with a ringing tread and a courteous gesture of salute that did not savor of Cherrywood manners, which, though kindly, were mostly unpolished. We had a glimpse of dark, keen eyes, and plain, sensible features, and presently reported our observations to Widow Blatchford, who came to meet us through the gloaming, greeting us a few yards from the door.

"Certainly, that was Reuben," was her interested assent, "I declare, I should like to see Delia Bligh now."

Bligh? Surely we remember seeing her. It was our first Sunday in the white meeting-house, when, with all the congregation we faced the choir for the singing of the last hymn. A sweet, apple blossom face with its delicate tints and hazy blue eyes, redeemed from mere insipid prettiness by the decided character of the square little chin and the firm curve of the lips in repose.

"A wild rose among mullen stalks," the doctor had called her, with a man's eyes to the cheeks and dimples only, winning by his remark a pleased smile from our hostess.

But what had pretty Delia Bligh to do with Reuben Gilson's home coming? As all women from fourteen to four score are alive to any hint of a love story, we proceeded to importune our hostess for information, and she, kind soul, soon gratified us.

Pretty Delia Bligh and Reuben Gilson had "kept company" from childhood, and had been engaged; but after Reuben went into business at Grafton Mills and Delia taught school at Cranberry Corners, a coolness arose between them, ending in the breaking of the engagement.

"Reuben is a favorite with me, and so is Delia, for that matter," said Mrs. Blatchford. "Girls are high strung; mostly they have more pride than wisdom when they're young, Delia's no exception, but she is good material. I don't want to see her spoiled."

"What began the coolness?" we queried.

"Reuben lives at Mrs. Frye's when he is here; she is his aunt. I guess that had so much to do with it as anything," said our hostess, with a shrewd laugh. "I don't speak against her. I know no harm of her, except being Jesophine's stepmother, and that's more her misfortune, poor thing."

We knew Mrs. Blatchford's opinion of the thin lipped "Josephine," having heard it aforetime when we also heard the story of Dorena Fletcher's brave struggles against poverty and public opinion.

"Honey on the surface and gall inside," our hostess summed her up; adding apologetically, "to be sure I suppose she is soured by what she has gone through. It must be wearing to be disappointed always in what you set your mind on getting, and it isn't every one has the gift to drink vinegar and keep sweet."

"There is such a thing as making the vinegar ourselves and imbibing it instead of something sweeter," we suggested. "The bitter in every cup may be transmuted."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Blatchford. "But then some have unfortunate dispositions from the cradle, you know."

"Surely, if Reuben Gilson has lived in the house with her he must know her too well to be influenced by her, if he really loved Delia Bligh," we said.

"Hum!" said our hostess skeptically. "Do you know blinder bats than men are in somethings? I don't. He sees nothing artful in the way she picks Delia's actions and twists them to look queer. He thinks she is fond of Delia, and tries to make the best of a light minded flirting creature for his sake. Bats! you may say."

"Then he is very weak to be deceived by that mischievous old maid," scornfully proclaimed little Mabel.

"Bless your heart, child," said Mrs. Blatchford with her comfortable laugh, "nothing is so helpless as a single minded man in the hands of a calculating woman—for a time;" with significant emphasis on the last clause. "Besides, Josephine Frye's isn't the only tongue in the world, either. It's my opinion nothing but talk has parted Reuben and Delia; that and their foolish young pride. Maybe it'll come right, maybe it won't. Either way folks' tongues have enough to answer for."

If the coming night meant the reuniting of the sundered lovers, it certainly did not seem probable as the days went on. Pretty Delia sang in the choir on Sundays, and Reuben Gilson's eyes rested on the apple blossom face as if it had never been dear to him, and the sweet voice floating through the old meeting house had never touched his heart. And more than once a broad shouldered young farmer drove up from Cranberry Corners and tarried at the cottage of Calven Bligh.

We became acquainted with both the young people, and Delia was speedily a great favorite with the doctor and the children, though the feminine spirits of our party could have little patience at her exchanging a lover like Reuben Gilson for the Cranberry Corners rustic. We admired the sterling sense and keen intelligence of the young man, but there seemed to rest on him a grave reserve, almost a gloom that prevented any approach to familiarity.

Presently a rumor was afloat—how it originated no one knew. Who ever can tell how. "They say" begins? But gathering additions daily, increasing, spreading in the mysterious ways that only rumor grows, a whisper that all was not well with Reuben Gilson's integrity; that his unusually long vacation was enforced, not voluntary; that he had left his Grafton employer with a stain upon his name and honor. Strange tales were hinted of how his employer's son had gone no one knew where, and how his flight implicated Reuben Gilson as a comrade in dishonesty; there was not wanting declarations that even now trial and exposure were threatening the latter. Did people believe this? Did they accept without question this blighting of the good name of one they had known from boyhood, and whose record had been hitherto blameless.

Cherrywood was not a whit behind other towns in swallowing slander, and whoever does not know the gourd-like growth of scandal, has had but a limited sphere of observation. A few clung to their faith in Reuben Gilson; our hostess was one, but she showed that trouble and disranks of the opposite party.

THE latest news from Massachusetts is that Butler will be beaten today for the Gubernatorial nomination [illegible]. The Springfield cut on this indifference and seeming unconsciousness.

What Delia Bligh thought nobody knew, until one morning she appeared in Widow Blatchford's kitchen, on the plausible errand of obtaining a recipe for "spice cakes." Some other thought lurked behind the troubled blue eyes, and the fact was speedily patent to the dear old woman whose spectacles were leveled at her favorite.

"Now tell me the rest," said she presently. "Are you going to set up a kitchen and an oven of your own soon?"

"Oh, Aunt Blatchford!" (our hostess was "aunt" to half the country round), "no, of course not!" with a quick, pained voice. Then more softly, "Do you know what people are saying?"

"About Reuben? Yes, child; it isn't true though."

"Folks believe it," said Delia, sadly. "He looks so sober and gloomy, something is wrong, somehow, I am sure."

"Hum!" sniffed Mrs. Blatchford, "does Calvin Bligh believe it?"

"Father? Well you know how father is. He isn't sure of his own mind until he is opposed. Then it's made up quick. And I said I didn't believe it, and mother too, and now he won't believe anything else. Deacon Quimby went to see Reuben and he would not hear a word from him; said he was busy. And oh! aunt, a man was up from Grafton yesterday, and the deacon heard him talk as he went away. He said, "well, Reuben, three hundred will do it, and you may call yourself lucky to get off with that; and Reu answered, "he would see about raising it, but had a good mind to take his chance."

"Aunt Blatchford, I want to trust you with something. I want your promise to keep secret always what I say now," pleaded the girl, getting close to her old friend.

"Well," said Mrs. Blatchford affirmatively.

"Aunt, I want you to give him this," said Delia, very low, but earnestly. "It's my government bond—all mine, you know—five hundred dollars Uncle Silas gave me in his will. He must never know where it came from, never. Maybe Reuben has gone wrong; it don't seem like him, but young men have temptations, and if just this money will set him right and give him a chance to begin again, I want he should have it." Reuben was good to me when we were little—and—I used to—like him. I don't want him to be disgraced and wicked. Oh, aunt! talk to him—he'll listen to you, I know; tell him to set himself right with the money, and then get right with God. Keuben used to be good. I don't think he went wrong of himself."

"That money was for your setting out," said Mrs. Blatchford, still unbending. "What will your father say?"

"I shall not be married," said Delia, yet more softly. "Father will never know I've parted with the money. I can teach and earn more. I'd rather work my fingers off than —than not save Reuben?"

"Delia Bligh, you're a good girl," said Mrs. Blatchford, suddenly losing her grimness and drawing Delia into her ample embrace. "I take back any hard thoughts I've had, and I'll do your will and keep my counsel. There—there child—I kind of mistrusted you liked Reuben still; don't cry—yes, do, it will help you bear it."

Then the old lady and young girl kissed and comforted each other in true womanly fashion, and Calvid Bligh never guessed what had deepened the flush on his pretty daughter's cheeks, as she gave him his tea that evening.

Mrs. Blatchford's opportunity for keeping her promise came speedily. Opportunities do easily come to people in earnest.

When the young man understood the meaning of her kindly, simple talk at first he raged "like a wild tiger," as she afterwards expressed it, and then he threw back his fine head and laughed so loud and long the good woman thought his reason had departed. Then he explained to her how his employer had indeed failed, and he himself was undoubtedly out of a situation at present. But that he and his employer's son were connected in some invention which they were struggling to get patented; that they were contesting the point with a wealthier man, and had been like to fail for want of funds.

"But we shall pull through now, and our fortune is secured," said the young man. "As for your offer of aid, Aunt Blatchford—here give me the bond. It shall help me out of perplexity, though it isn't needed to save me from disgrace, and you shall have it again with compound interest in six weeks. Only I shall always be in your debt for so much love and kindness and Christian charity.

Then he kissed her wrinkled hand with the grace of a knight of old, and went away.

But when widow Blatchford and Delia Bligh next met, was there not a private jubilee?

Cherrywood eyes began to get open, and the Cherrywood gourd of scandal to droop in its highest branches, about that time; and when Reuben Gilson came back from a month's sudden absence, there were plenty to welcome him as a "worthy young man, very smart, and an inventor of real genius."

Straight to the widow Blatchford's went Reuben, and to her with gratitude and love he rendered up Delia's government bond, with marvelous interest.

"The land of man!" cried the dear old woman, "but I can't take more than it was to begin with. She'd never forgive me—there, what a blundering old creature I am."

"She?" cries Reuben, his dark eyes aglow.

It is my belief that widow Blatchford's blunder was not unconscious, but surely the error or the purpose were alike forgivable. With laughter and tears she let him win from her the name of her whose hand had been ready to pluck him from shame and dishonesty, and if he went from her presence to that of Delia Bligh, who will wish to look with curious eyes on the interview that followed?

"And they're to be married at Christmas," said our good hostess in extreme delight, as she told us the news next day. "They'll live at Grafton. Reuben says his wife is too good to stay where folks blacken a man's name for nothing, and think themselves smart for doing it. Delia was near not forgiving me for telling on her, but then an old woman like me is blundering sometimes."

"So then it is all right," we said, "and all the talk accomplished no harm. That's good."

Then and there our good hostess turned with impressive uplifted finger directed at our careless lips, and uttered this homily:

"How? No harm, do you say? Don't you call it something that those children were parted for most two years, just by talk? That they sugered and had hard feelings of each other, and lost out of their lives two years that they might have been happy in? That Della's heart was near broken by thinking him a thief; and Reuben's name was stained among his own townsfolks? All over, you say. Well, but the scars are there. The pain needn't have been endured. Yes, but it was felt. Life won't look exactly the same to those children, as if they had never lost faith in each other, and Reuben will never have the charity that was his before he learned how ready people are to take away a man's character wantonly."

"Slander turns out a lie, and folks think no harm done. Words are cheap and folks are careless of them. But if they knew what words are, they'd feel their lips scorched with hot coals whenever they use the insinuating speech, or the uncharitable remark, or meanest of all the nasty little "they say" that carries a blight with it. 'Tis never meaner than when it has a handle of unexplained truth, and takes up appearances that ain't understood, and twists them crooked."

"No, child; spoken words don't die, you can't call them back as you call the cows home at night. Hearts ache for 'em and souls go estray by their means. And it is my belief no more solemn reckoning is laid up against mortals than for the mischief of their careless tongues."

When any of our readers feel like telling a story commencing "they say," we hope they will remember this.

ARCACHON.

BY MISS IDA GREELEY.

This is a favorite watering place for the French in summer, and in winter is much resorted to by invalids from the British Isles. Doctors consider the resinous exhalations from the pines wonderfully healing in lung and bronchial difficulties.

Arcachon is the *patois* word for resin. The peasants live mostly by making turpeutine, and for miles around the village the trees are gashed, and an earthen vessel fastened on to receive the gum as it oozes from the wood.

There was a settlement here in very ancient times called La Teste de Buch, from the head or chief of the tribes of Boians, that at one time inhabited this part of the country. Three times it was overwhelmed by the sand, and afterwards rebuilt. In the time of the first Napoleon, who, it would seem, found time to attend to everything, small as well as great, an engineer called Bremontier was sent by the Emperor to plant these sandy dunes with pine trees, in order to keep off the inroads of the sea. So successful was he that we have now an extensive and beautiful forest and a flourishing town. A monument to Bremontier is to be seen in the midst of the forest, and the finest chalet in the town is called after him.

The principal building one sees on leaving the depot is the huge Casino, an imitation of the Moorish Alhambra. It struck me as rather a caricature of it, as it is painted in such gorgeous colors as to look like a house built of cards, face-side out. However, the inhabitants view it with great pride. It contains a fine theatre, ball-rooms, and library.

It is situated in the forest, and is the centre of the Winter-town, or Ville d'Hiner, as is called the collection of pretty, romantic-looking Swiss chalets, which are dotted in among the odorous pines. All these houses are owned by a company in Paris, whose agent lives in one of them, and attends to letting them, collecting rent, etc.

In the Casino garden the flowers bloom and the grass is green all winter, although snow and ice are not quite unknown in the sunny south of France. In fact, one has a winter of six weeks that is sufficiently disagreeable and quite cold enough to make one wish for New York furnaces; but, once that is past, the weather is quite heavenly, and February as balmy as May in these latitudes. Looking down from the Casino, you see at the base of the hills the Ville d'Ete, or Summer-town, which runs for a couple miles along the sea. The private residences are very elegant, and front on the ocean or basin of Archon, as the fulet is called; their gardens opening on the main street in the rear. Many French noblemen have country houses here, the Baron Talleyrand for one. The rest of the village is made up of such queer little houses, not old and quaint, but all looking like Chinese pagodas, and painted pink, blue, or yellow, as the fancy of the owner has suggested, and finished off, with red-tiled roofs. One owner of eccentric tastes had spent, I was told, ten thousand francs to three enormous gold balls that surmounted his house. In his absence it was rented to an English lady, a friend of mine, who was always known in the village as "Madame of the Golden Balls." English names were never attempted by the good people, who thought it quite enough to call you by the name of the house you occupied. The company, in naming the chalets, seem to have been anxious to conciliate all nations, as we saw there Villas Humboldt, Franklin, Shakespeare, and so on *ad libitum*. The cheapest and most solitary cottage on the list was appropriately called Villa Robinson Crusoe. There was still, I recollect, however, one that surpassed Robinson in cheapness. It consisted of one room, had no windows at all, and was rightly named Villa Soltaire. It was quite good enough, I dare say, for any one so crusty as to wish to live quite alone.

Arcachon is famous for its oysters, fish and game, which are every day shipped to Paris in large quantities. The basin is connected by a narrow limit with the Bay of Biscay, the roar of whose waters is distinctly heard from the village. The strip of land which lies between the inlet and the turbulent Atlantic is called the Isle des Oiseaux, from the great number of wild birds which make it their resort. The light house is situated on its extreme point. One day we went down to it in a yacht, and then, crossing the narrow tongue of sand, stood on the shore of the Bay of Biscay. How the wind roared! and the great waves came tumbling in, and the shore was strewed, not with the bright colored shells we had hoped to find, but with cuttle fish bones, and ugly bits of wreck. At the seaward end of the village there is erected, on the shore, a huge iron cross. Tradition will have it that a monk, walking on the shore in prayerful meditation, found there a statue of the virgin Mary, and erected this cross to commemorate what he considered a miracle. Once every year, on the feast of St. Peter, the bay presents a lively scene, of which this spot is the centre. Hundreds of fishermen come from far and near; the shore is lined with boats, whose gay pennants stream in the wind. At a signal all kneel, and, from the foot of the cross, a blessing is pronounced by the *cure* upon them, their wives and children, their boats and their nets.

Our boatman's name was Denis; and, ever since he was married, twenty years ago, his wife Marie had gone out with him, fair weather or foul, and done a man's work. She could pull an oar or reef a sail with any man on the coast. She once won in a race of six yachts from the ducks to the light-house, a distance of about three miles. The visitors were as much pleased as amazed, as hers was the only boat managed by a woman.

The peasants are quite handsome in this part of France. The women have soft, dark eyes, and beautifully formed and very small hands and feet. They are vivacious and agreeable; but it is quite entertaining and almost incredible to see how little they know of what is going on in the world. We had a very pretty and charming little *bonne*, and I showed her a picture of Thiers, thinking it might interest her; but, dear me! Jeanne had never heard of the man.

"Why, who do you suppose rules over France?"

"Is it not, then, the good emperor and empress?," was Jeanne's bewildered reply.

I went one day to the principal school, to see about sending my younger sister there. Madame A—, the chief teacher, had nearly completed arrangements with me, when in answer to the question if we were English, I said no, we were from the United States.

"Oh, yes," she replied, anxious to show her knowledge. "I know the United States; it's a colony of England."

So much amazed was I at the good lady's ignorance that I left without explaining to her that she was a hundred years behind time.

There is in the village a little Episcopal church, which the people call the temple, to distinguish it from the Catholic churches in the place. Half a dozen years since a handsome young Irish gentleman, poor but of very good family, came to Arcachon to pass the winter. He had just been ordained for the ministry, but over-study had rendered a brief vacation necessary to his health. Here he met a pretty and charming compatriot of his, whose large dark eyes and winning smile soon convinced him of the appositeness of St. Paul's observation, that "it is not good for man to be alone."

So, in spite of lack of fortune on both sides, the two were married and have lived there ever since.

I have never before seen an example of love in a cottage, and it interested me greatly to see how two clever and educated people could get along, deprived of nearly everything that seemed to me necessary and desirable. I shall always remember how very agreeably we were all impressed with Mr. R—— the first time he called on us. After a very pleasant and entertaining conversation on various topics, he arose to go, saying he hoped I would come to see his wife, who, from some reason or other, had not been able to call with him. I naturally asked then address and cheerfully and without the slightest embarrassment, "Oh! we live over the shoemaker's." Every Sunday he preached in the little church, and the other days he labored among the sick, the poor, and the afflicted. The colonial Society allowed him just two hundred dollars a year, half of which went for the hire of the church, so he had to depend on his congregation, which was small enough, and in giving lessons, to eke out a bare livelihood for himself and his wife. The only amusement I ever saw him indulge in was more for the entertainment of the visitors than his own. I was invited to a paper hunt, and when the morning arrived a dozen ladies and gentlemen met at the rendezvous mounted on thorough-bred horses, whose ardor to be off, their riders could scarcely restrain. Mr. R—— undertook the *role* of fox, as he knew every intricacy of the forest. He was mounted on the fleetest of all, and had two leather bags full of finely cut paper, one on each side fastened to his belt. He was given half an hour's start by the hunters. Every now and then the rules of the sport obliged him to fling out a handful of paper, that might serve as a guide to his pursuers.

As soon as Count L—— gave the signal that our time was up, off and away we flew over hill and dale. The pine trees had so many times shed their scented covering of yellow spines that the ground was soft as velvet, and made scarcely a sound beneath our horses feet.

For two merry hours did we chase the artful fox, whose paper missives generally led us on a wrong scent, as they were designed to do. At last a shout went up of mingled joy and dismay. There on the other side of a narrow ravine, was careering homeward the triumphant fox, when to our terror, Count L——, driving the spurs into his horse, cleared at one bound the narrow defile, and the game was ours.—*Appleton's Journal.*

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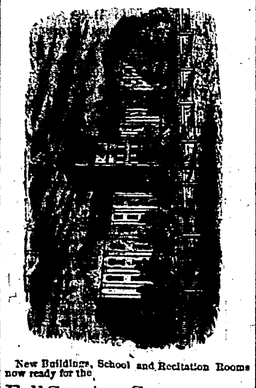

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Duquesne Savings Bank, 64 Fourth Ave.
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Tickets, $10. Half Tickets, $5. Quarter, $2.50

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Manufacturers of Fine and Medium FURNITURE of every description and price, handmade and superior in style and quality than found in most or any other Furniture House this side of the mountains.

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